





LIBRARY

University of California

IRVINE





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SONGS AND VERSES

BY

LADY JOHN SCOTT

Printed by George Waterston & Sons

FOR

DAVID DOUGLAS

LONDON . . SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, AND CO., LIM.

CAMBRIDGE . BOWES AND BOWES.

GLASGOW . . JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS.



SONGS AND VERSES

Alicia Anne Scott

BY

LADY JOHN SCOTT

EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR, BY HER GRAND-NIECE

MARGARET WARRENDER

"Haud fast by the past"

SECOND AND ENLARGED EDITION

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS

1911

All rights reserved

PR

5299

545

56

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	I

PLACES

DURISDEER	105
O MURMURING WATERS	107
ETTRICK	109
LAMMERMUIR	111
THE COMIN' O' THE SPRING	113
A LAMMERMUIR LILT	116
KILPAULET BRAE	118
COMING BACK TO SPOTTISWOOD	120
A RIDE OVER LAMMERMUIR	121
A DISREGARDED INVITATION FROM THE CHEVIOTS	125
THE BOUNDS O' CHEVIOT	127

HISTORICAL

ILDICO'S LAMENT FOR ATTLA	133
JAMES THE FIFTH'S REMORSE	135
DARNLEY AFTER RIZZIO'S MURDER	139
THE LAST WORDS OF "YOUNG DAIRSIE"	141
LAMENT OF LADY DUNDEE FOR HER HUSBAND	145

JACOBITE

	PAGE
JACOBITE SONG: "SHAME ON YE GALLANTS" .	151
JACOBITE SONG: "WE'VE LOOKIT FOR YE LANG" .	153
JACOBITE SONG: "I'VE CAST OFF MY SATIN PETTICOAT"	156
JEANIE CAMERON'S DEATH-SONG	158
SUGGESTED BY THE <i>HATED</i> SIGHT OF CULLODEN	160
AFTER CULLODEN	162
THE RETURN FROM CULLODEN	164
LAMENT OF THE WIFE OF A LOYALIST WHO DIED OF HIS WOUNDS AFTER CULLODEN	167
HOWNAM LAW	169
MY PRINCE	172

BALLADS

ANNIE LAURIE	177
THE LADY BLANCHE'S BURIAL	180
THE CRUEL STEPMOTHER	183
THERE WERE TWA LAIRDS' SONS	190
BIDE IN YOUR BOWER	197
THE FAIRY QUEEN'S COURTING IN GLADHOUSE GLEN	205
ABSENCE	209
THE AULD FIDDLER'S FAREWELL	211

FOREIGN

CHANSON	217
JOYEUSE	218
AFTER THE SCARLET FEVER—1874	220

CONTENTS

vii

HYMNS

	PAGE
1ST KINGS XIX. 11, 12	223
HYMN	224
HYMN	226

FAMILY

MARCHMONT—1834	231
“TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN”	233
“YOUR VOICES ARE NOT HUSHED”	236
“TO JOHN AND ANDREW”	238
“AFTER MY BROTHER JOHN’S DEATH”	240
ON MY BROTHER JOHN	241
To ———	243
THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH’S BIRTHDAY	246

PERSONAL

TO H. H. C.	251
MARCH 16, 1857	253
THE FOUL FORDS	255
KATH’RINE LOGIE	257
THINK ON ME	259
“Æ SMILE BEFORE WE PART”	261
SONG: “SPEAK—FOR THY WORDS”	263
SONG: “MUST WE TWO PART”	264
SONG: “I WOULD THAT I HAD NEVER MET THEE”	266
SONG: “LONELY MY LIFE WILL BE”	267
A FRAGMENT	269

	PAGE
A FRAGMENT	271
A FRAGMENT	273
"O MOTHER! LET ME WEEP"	274
CHRISTABELLE	277
FAREWHEEL	279
REMORSE	282
NEW YEAR'S EVE. SPOTTISWOOD, 1872	284
WRITTEN AT THURSO	286
"LONELY AND STILL"	288
"I SEE THEM NOT"	290

The portrait of Lady John Scott which forms the frontispiece to the book is from a sketch by A. E. Chalon, R.A., painted in 1839, and engraved by the Swan Electric Engraving Company, London.

I.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ELEVEN years have already gone by since Lady John Scott's death; and the circle of those who knew and loved her is growing smaller and smaller. To them no description can bring her back exactly as they remember her. It is almost impossible to put into words, the many sides that formed so original and fascinating a character, with its mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of brilliancy and shyness, dominated to the end by the generous hand and the warm heart. To the younger generation she will become but a name hallowed by traditions. As they sing her songs they may wonder what inspired them; so it is for them, while her memory is still fresh, that I set down these notes.

Alicia Anne Spottiswood — afterwards Lady John Scott—belonged to one of the oldest families in Berwickshire. From time immemorial Spottis-

wood of Spottiswood¹ had owned that lonely tower on the southern slopes of Lammermuir. "Robert de Spotteswod" affixed his seal to the Ragman Roll in 1296—a fact of which Lady John hated to be reminded. She looked with little more favour on another ancestor, John Spottiswood, who three centuries later was Archbishop of St Andrews, and who has left an enduring monument of his learning and industry in *The History of the Church of Scotland*. In spite of his having been the prelate who crowned King Charles the Martyr, Lady John had little love for his memory, and always looked on him as a careless guardian of the family estates. His son, Sir Robert, was the friend and brother-in-arms of Montrose, and of no ancestor was Lady John more proud. Death on the scaffold was the price of his loyalty. He was executed at St Andrews in 1646; and four years later his nephew, "Young Dairsie," suffered by Montrose's side.

Early in the last century my great-grandfather, John Spottiswood of Spottiswood, married Helen Wauchope, daughter of the Laird of Niddrie-

¹ The name is spelt indifferently Spottiswoode and Spottiswood. Lady John always spelt it without the final *e*.

Marischal.¹ They must have been a very handsome pair. Both were tall; but, while he was a big, fine, commanding-looking man, she was so slight that she could make her fingers meet round her waist, and so supple that I can remember her as an old woman doing things none of us could imitate. From her Lady John inherited her deep blue eyes and curling hair. They had four children: Alicia was the eldest, born on Midsummer Day, 1810. No birthday could have been more appropriate, or pleased her better. She loved the long days of summer, and she was very fond of telling us that St John's Day was the one day in the year when the fairies are visible, and when the good spirits have power over the earth. Next to her came John, afterwards a Lieut.-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, who died unmarried in 1846. Then Andrew, who served in the 9th Lancers through the Sikh War and in the Mutiny, and afterwards commanded the King's Dragoon Guards.

¹ It was of him that Sir Walter Scott wrote:—

“Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew,
We have o'er few such lairds as you.”

—“*Carle, now the King's come.*”

And lastly my grandmother, Margaret Penelope, who married Sir Hugh Hume Campbell in 1834.

The four children were very near each other in age, and were inseparable companions. Alicia and Andrew shared the leadership of the little band. They were much bolder and more enterprising than the other two, who had inherited their mother's singularly sweet and gentle nature. No children can ever have had a happier or merrier up-bringing. At a time when young people stood far more in awe of their elders than now, they knew little restraint, and no harsh rule. The Laird, as Mr Spottiswood was always called, had a perfectly calm, even temper, which nothing could ruffle; and my great-grandmother was the gentlest, most affectionate of beings, beloved by every one who came near her. The children were all fearless riders, galloping over the moors to their hearts' content, often coursing hares with their neighbour, old Lord Lauderdale, who was extremely fond of them, and never frightened them as he did his own grandchildren. From time to time they would be taken across the hills to their mother's former home, Niddrie, where the Laird, a staunch Jacobite, would tell them tales of the '45—tales which the

little Alicia never forgot. One, noted down in after years, ran as follows :—

My grandfather, the Laird of Niddrie, who was eighty-seven years old when he died, and died when myself, my brothers and my sister, were children, told us that his father had collected a considerable sum of money for Prince Charles,—who, with his army, was encamped at Duddingston, but he was puzzled how to get it to him, as a detachment of the Rebel (Hanoverian) soldiers, was posted between Niddrie, and His Royal Highness's camp. He packed the money at the bottom of a large basket, which he filled with fruit, and sent his little son (my grandfather) scarcely six years old, with his tutor, to the Prince with it, as if it were merely a complimentary present. They were allowed to pass, and delivered the sum of money to the Prince safely. A few days later, the young laird and his tutor were walking. Prince Charles and his army were marching past. There was a low wall between my grandfather and them. When the Prince came opposite to where they stood, he stopped and said : “Is not that the young Laird of Niddrie?” He desired the tutor to lift him over the wall, and took him in his arms and thanked him again, for what he had done in bringing the money.

Both at Niddrie and at home they had plenty of young companions. Niddrie was the centre of a large circle of cousins—Wauchopes, Bairds, Kennedys, and Hope Johnstones ; while at Spottiswood the Baillies of Mellerstain and the Pringles of Stichill, were their nearest neighbours.

The children were devoted to their free country life, and hated the yearly move to London, where they lived in a large old-fashioned house in Westminster—16 Great George Street. It is altered now beyond recognition ; but then it had a large garden and a roomy stable-yard, where the coachman's wife kept poultry. The journey was generally made in "Noah's Ark" (the old-fashioned family coach with dickey and rumble, in which Lady John to the end of her days drove to Westruther Church on Sundays), and I have often heard her describe their leisurely progress and the places they passed—Coldstream Bridge, the scene of sorrow or of wild joy, according to whether they were leaving or returning to their beloved Scotland—Wooler, the next stage, with its excellent steak and fried onions, always known as "The Wooler Carrier's Beef-steak"—Gateshead, where my great-grandmother, who was very nervous, invariably got out and walked up or down the steep hill—and so on, not forgetting the gibbet on Bawtry Moor, with its ghastly burden. Occasionally they came down by sea ; and a still existing letter to Mrs Spottiswood relates the adventures of a five-days' voyage, when a storm forced the good ship *Soho* to take

refuge off Holy Island. Alicia and her sister were in charge of Sir Alexander and Lady Hope of Rankeillor, whose daughter Louisa (afterwards Lady Henry Kerr), was their dear friend and playmate. Mrs Lindsay was also on board, with her son Coutts, "one of the cleverest and pleasantest little boys possible." They were all a merry party, in spite of rough weather and many discomforts; but it marks the change in travelling between those days and now, her mentioning that the Hopes generally slept in their carriage on deck. On another voyage she remembered seeing pirates hanging in chains at the mouth of the Thames.

Both Alicia and my grandmother were very carefully educated. They were excellent French and Italian scholars, and well read in the literature of those countries, as well as in that of their own. My grandmother worked beautifully. Alicia always hated a needle as much as she loved a pencil. She drew well, and perspective seemed to come naturally to her. De Wint taught them water-colour painting, and Garcia was their singing master. Both sisters had beautiful contralto voices; my grandmother's was the finer, but to the last Lady John's showed the effect of perfect training;

her enunciation was so clear, and the modulation of the voice so finished. She played the harp, which she always said was the most delightful instrument to sing to; and my grandmother accompanied herself on the guitar. They had both thoroughly mastered the science of harmony, and those who remember Lady John's singing will remember that not its least charm lay in the beautiful, ever-varying accompaniment which seemed to spring unconsciously from beneath her fingers. Her music was part of her life. She was always making tunes, or recalling the old ones with which her memory was stored; and she would sing to herself for hours during those interminable drives, of which in later life she was so fond.

From her father she inherited a great love of botany, geology, and especially archæology. They worked at these things together, and under his guidance she acquired a fund of accurate knowledge, to which she was always adding. Her interest never seemed to flag, and to the end of her life she was just as keen about any of these favourite studies as she had ever been. The finding of a rare plant in some new spot, or the discovery of some hitherto unexplored prehistoric

remains would wake the keenest enthusiasm ; but it was so contrary to her nature to make any parade of knowledge, that only those who were much with her knew its depth and extent.

Those who remembered her in her youth always described her as extraordinarily attractive. She was not very tall, but very slight and graceful. Her small head was beautifully set on her long neck, and she had inherited the heavy-lidded, deep-blue eyes of the Wauchopes. Though she was out in all weathers, and never by any chance wore a veil, her skin kept to the last its peach-like bloom and purity of colouring. Unfortunately, no good picture exists of her, and she had an invincible objection to being photographed. Two sketches by Chalon, and a third by Hayter, painted soon after her marriage, are all we have ; and, in spite of their feeble drawing, they give an impression of great distinction and charm.

Though so slight, she was very strong and active. No day on the hills was too long for her. Once for a bet with her brother Andrew she walked fifteen miles in three hours. He had said one morning that such a thing was impossible for any woman. The Laird demurred, saying he was sure

Alicia could do it ; so after breakfast they went off to a rough but fairly level road across the moor at the back of Spottiswood, where a mile was measured. Mrs David Wauchope with her knitting, and Andrew, watch in hand, sat on a knowe by the roadside and timed her. She was well into her third hour, when Mrs Spottiswood, hearing what was going on, and afraid she might hurt herself, sent my grandmother with orders to stop her at once ; but her task was so nearly over that her sister had not the heart to interfere, and let her win her bet in peace.

In those days Spottiswood was nearly all moorland. The woods which embosom it now were just being planted, and constant war was waged between the young Spottiswoods and Mr Black, the Laird's factotum, who would have liked to drain every spring and bit of bog in the place. Specially favourite spots were only preserved by a bower being made by the threatened spring, or beneath the doomed tree. That is why so many summer-houses were scattered through the woods. In most cases they have outlived the memory of their origin.

My great-grandfather did a great deal for

Spottiswood. A few fine trees stood round the old house and down the west approach. Otherwise it was all bog, or wind-swept grass parks reclaimed from the moor. When my great-grandmother was first married, she could see the London coaches running up and down the great North road, two miles off. Between it and Spottiswood now stand acres and acres of thick woodland, all planted by the Laird. He built the present house, laid out the terraced garden, made the lake, and planted the woods which surround and shelter the different parks. Hearing that Sir Henry Steuart had invented a method of moving trees by means of a simple application of the leverage principle, he sent a number of his men to Allanton to learn "jankering," and by this method moved trees of great size into the Lawn Park. In a few months he transformed it from a bare undulating meadow into a well-planted park. Nearly all the groups of fine trees that ornament it, were moved when full grown; and so successful was he, that many of his neighbours followed his example, and improved their places as quickly and effectively.

The Laird was a very remarkable man. He

had been bred to the law, and before his marriage had travelled much. To a calm, well-balanced mind, he added great exercise of common sense. His own property was admirably managed, and through the whole of his long life his advice was constantly sought by others. A deep and enduring affection subsisted between him and my great-grandmother; and as they each had many brothers and sisters, Spottiswood was the centre of a large and happy family circle. Two of Mrs Spottiswood's sisters, "Mrs David"—who had married a Wauchope cousin—and "Miss Jean," came and went as they chose. The latter was almost as great a character as her great-aunt, "Soph" Johnstone, whom she resembled in many ways. A little active woman, she rode hard, played the violin more than passably, and was a keen and jealous angler; but her autocratic temper would have made her impossible to any brother-in-law less sweet-tempered than the Laird. She resented his doing anything at Spottiswood without consulting her, and very often made what she considered improvements in the place during his absence. Alicia was too high-spirited, and she was too masterful, for

them to be really congenial companions. I only remember her as an old woman, very deaf, but still playing the violin; and though over eighty, perched on steps painting the front door of her house in George's Square, Edinburgh.

The Laird's favourite brother, "the Colonel," lived a few miles off, at Gladswood, by the Tweed, with his unmarried sister, "Miss Mary." He had served in the 52nd during the Peninsular War, and was severely wounded at Badajos. As he lay helpless on the ground, he heard steps approaching, and fearing the human vultures that haunt a battlefield, he had the presence of mind to fling his gold watch as far from him as he could. The steps turned out to be those of his own men searching for him; and as he had marked where the watch fell, it was retrieved, and did him service for the remainder of his life.

Eighty years ago there was less of travel in foreign lands, but a great deal of pleasant leisurely visiting nearer home. When you journeyed in your own carriage, it was as easy to stay for two or three days in passing a friend's door, as to pay a hurried visit now between two trains. Alicia and her sister thought nothing of putting a

change into their saddle-bags and riding over the hills to Yester,—where they had two favourite companions in Lady Susan Hay¹ and her cousin, Mary Ley,—or to Newbyth. Mrs Spottiswood's mother had been a Baird of Newbyth; and all that immense cousinhood of Bairds, Kennedys, Gordons, and Hope Johnstones were closely knit together, and were constantly staying with one another. Among the happiest memories of Alicia's girlish days were the visits to Fern Tower, where their grand-uncle, Sir David Baird (the "hero of Seringapatam"), spent the last years of his life—to Raehills, where in her cousin, Anne Hope Johnstone, she found a kindred spirit, as romantic and full of poetry as herself—and, best loved of all, to Newbyth, which was like a second home. Mrs Spottiswood and Lady Anne Baird had always been more like sisters than cousins, and it was under Lady Anne's care that Alicia and her sister went to their first ball, during the Kelso race-week. Mrs Spottiswood had been prevented from taking them; and Alicia sent her a long account of their doings, which winds up with, "I daresay you are quite tired

¹ Afterwards Marchioness of Dalhousie.

of this long and prosy letter, only remember tho' it is dull on paper, it is merrier than can be imagined in reality." She tells her "Lady Anne and Lady Mary (Kennedy) both think Andrew very handsome and agreeable, and he is much made of, and very kind and attentive to us, and takes great care of us." She speaks of Lady Ormelie¹ (who was chaperoning her sister, Mary Baillie), "looking like a goddess of beauty," and she enumerates their partners—Lord Elcho, Lord Eglintoun, Lord Cassillis, Lord Elphinstone, Sir David Kinloch, George Baillie, Norman Pringle, Campbell of Saddell, Whyte Melville ("whom I like, because he is married, and fine, and sulky, and silent"), Walter Gilmour, McDowall of Logan, etc. But what appears to have given her most pleasure, was Campbell of Saddell's singing: "he sings quite enchantingly, more like than anything I ever heard, to my idea of a mermaid." The two sisters also sang; and "The Rhine, a duet we got from Louisa Hope at Rankeillor, is far more admired than any other."

She had refused to come out before her sister—the two were inseparable,—but my grandmother

¹ Eliza Baillie, later, Marchioness of Breadalbane.

was much fonder of society than Alicia, who seized every opportunity of escaping from London. Thus in July 1833 she was at Fern Tower, acting bridesmaid to her cousin, Hersey Baird, on her marriage with Lord Strathallan, and Mrs Spottiswood writes to her there, giving news of the rest of the family :—

16 Great George Street,
20th July 1833.

Your letter, which only arrived to-day, was most welcome, as, altho' Lady Ailsa read Lady Anne's account of the safety of all the party on Thursday, I began to fear you must have been ill afterwards. However, I think, on the whole, you have made a better sailor this time than usual. Lady Anne's kindness to you I never can forget. I do think giving up the bed with the window was the greatest stretch of friendship which could be shown by one person to another. All your fellow-sufferers seem to have vied with each other in beautiful conduct. I am sure your conscience must have smitten you whenever you received any kindness from poor Buffy or his Highland aunts. *Mine* does dreadfully. We are going on most pleasantly. Neither of our soldiers being at home really makes a quiet, well redd-up house. I get my drawing-room kept in the most perfect order. Maggy has been very gay. She went with kind Lady Frances¹ to Mrs Thurlow's² ball on Thursday night, which turned out superb. She knew numbers of people, and danced every dance till 4. The magnificence of the house was dazzling. The drawing-rooms hung with scarlet and gold. Each chair cost £100. There

¹ Lady Frances Ley, Lord Tweeddale's sister.

² Maria, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Lyon, and wife of the Rev. Thomas Thurlow of Baynard's Park, Surrey.

is a large back-garden, which was floored and made like a tent, lined with pink and white, which made all the ladies (of course) look lovely. So much for Parson Thurlow !

Almack's turned out very enjoyable, but not *first-rate*. The Laird chaperoned her there, and seemed much delighted. I should think the gaiety is now quite at an end. I don't know of a breakfast next week, nor, I am happy to say, of a water-party. By this time I should suppose you are sitting with the Bride, to whom give my kindest love. Your father, Maggy, Hersey Wauchope, and I are just going to set out to Chiswick, where there is a show of flowers to-day. It is a lovely day, and I anticipate much pleasure in getting a good blow of fresh air. We dine at the Admiralty. I am sorry to say the Ailsas left town yesterday. Tho' I don't see a great deal of them, they make a great blank. I sat a long time with them before they went ; and the day before, Lady Ailsa and I had some shopping together. Poor Lady Aberdeen is just dying. Her complicated disorders have now turned to water in the chest, and it is not thought she can live many days.¹ There is nothing to be seen now but carriages and four filled with luggage leaving town. The Laird has bought a capital, useful mare from E. Marjoribanks, strong, quiet, and active. He is in great health, and joins in kindest love to you. Give my love to Lady Anne, and remember me to all, and Lady Baird particularly.

Believe me, my dearest Alicia,

Your ever affectionate Mother,

HELEN SPOTTISWOODE.

My grandmother's marriage to Sir Hugh Hume Campbell in 1834 made no break in the happy

¹ Lady Aberdeen died August 1833. Lord Aberdeen was first-cousin both to Mrs Spottiswood and to Lady Ailsa.

family circle. He had been her playmate from childhood, and her brothers' companion at Eton. The sisters were devoted to each other, and, as Marchmont was only ten miles from Spottiswood, there was no real separation, and Alicia was as often at one place as at the other. It was at Marchmont in these early happy days that she wrote the song by which she will always be remembered. Her own account of "Annie Laurie," given many years later to her old friend, Lord Napier, was as follows:—

I made the tune very long ago to an absurd ballad, originally Norwegian, I believe, called "Kempie Kaye," and once before I was married I was staying at Marchmont, and fell in with a collection of Allan Cunningham's poetry. I took a fancy to the words of "Annie Laurie," and thought they would go well to the tune I speak of. I didn't quite like the words, however, and I altered the verse, "She's backit like a peacock," to what it is now, and made the third verse ("Like dew on the gowan lying") myself, only for my own amusement; but I was singing it, and Hugh Campbell and my sister Maggy liked it, and I accordingly wrote it down for them.

II.

On the 16th of March 1836 Alicia Spottiswood married Lord John Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's

only brother. They were married in the drawing-room at Spottiswood on my great-grandmother's birthday, and they drove to Bowhill that afternoon. It was such a cold, late spring they were nearly snowed up there; and, curiously enough, the snow came so early the following autumn that in October they had to cut through drifts to get up to Spottiswood from Cowdenknowes, their first married home.

They spent two years at Cowdenknowes, and at one moment thought of buying it, but it was not wild enough country for their taste. Wells was the place they hankered after, but it never came into the market in time. Cawston, the property in Warwickshire which Lord John had inherited from his grandmother, the Duke of Montagu's daughter, was at the time of his marriage in a most dilapidated state, the old manor-house of the Boughtons having been allowed to go to ruin. Bit by bit it was rebuilt and added to; a garden was cut out of a copse-wood and a neighbouring fox-covert; and by degrees Cawston became an enchanting spot, unlike anything else in the world. It was a very unconventional place. To reach it from Rugby you turned off along a farm road

through fields, barred by many gates, and eventually found yourself in the stable-yard, into which the front door opened. At one time there was a much better approach through the park from the Dunchurch side; but when Lady John enlarged the garden she took in this road, and, as personally she always preferred driving across the grass, she never troubled to make a new approach. The result was that would-be visitors were occasionally found wandering round and round the place unable to discover an entrance! Lady John was not a gardener in the modern sense of the word, but she knew exactly what effects she wanted, and what flowers she wished to see, and somehow she always managed to get them. The garden at Cawston was my idea of a "pleasaunce," with its green walks, its shady bowers, its pond (where as children we were never tired of fishing for roach and dace), and its mixture of fruit trees, flower-borders, gooseberry bushes, asparagus beds (in which the ruddy shelldrakes spent most of their time), and unexpected little gardens in odd corners of the wood. I never knew anyone so fond of building bowers in all the woods. Even far-away spots like Hall-oaks and Nuneham Regis had their "Pol-

moodie" and "Lady Audrey's Bower," where she used constantly to go and drink tea. But, though she could not live anywhere without making the most of a place and leaving her special impress on it, she never really cared for England.

Lord John was in Parliament, when they first married, as Member for Roxburghshire; and as my grandfather, Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, then represented Berwickshire, both sisters found themselves in London for part of the summer. My grandmother had a house in Portland Place, and enjoyed herself thoroughly, which was more than Lady John did. She went to London as seldom as she could, and then stayed at the "Clarendon" for a few days at a time. The only thing she really liked was the opera. My grandmother always had a box, and one night, when unable to go herself, she lent it to her sister, telling her a new singer was to make her *début*. That singer was Grisi, and I have often heard Lady John relate how she took the house by storm.

Except for these few weeks in London, the life she led with Lord John was exactly the one to suit her. They loved the same wild country and open-air pursuits. Their Scotch home was always within

easy distance of Spottiswood: first Cowdenknowes (from 1836 to 1839), then Newton Don till 1841, and then Stichill till 1853. After that, except for the short time they rented Wool, they were either at Cawston, Kirkbank, or Caroline Park, when not at Spottiswood or with the Duke.

The autumns of 1837 and 1838 were spent at Blair, the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord John having rented the Forest of Glen Tilt. A recollection of their stay is preserved in the two pipe-tunes, written in their honour, by old John Crerar, the famous stalker, then nearing his ninetieth year—"Lord John Scott's Strathspey" and "Lady John Scott to Ben Chat." Ben Chat is the second highest hill in Glen Tilt, and very steep, but that would not have deterred her from climbing it. Lord John was much liked at Blair. During his tenancy a secret still was discovered on a rocky island in the Tilt, and destroyed by the excise officers. The whole plant was surreptitiously renewed by Lord John, who had more than a sneaking sympathy for those on whom the modern restrictions of law pressed heavily. There was a strong dash in him of the old freebooting Border blood, and he had a great feeling as to living and

letting live. He was never hard on poachers, and gipsies found in him and Lady John steady and warm-hearted protectors.

Before his marriage Lord John had served in the Grenadier Guards. Old General Spencer Stanhope used to tell us that when he joined, he was the handsomest subaltern in the regiment ; but an attack of smallpox thickened his features, and a journey to Scotland on the outside of a coach in a snowstorm, before the pit-marks on his face had properly healed, made them permanent, and so altered his looks that the first time his brother met him in the street after his illness, he passed him without recognizing him.

No one was ever better known, or more beloved through the length and breadth of the Border. His open hand, his warm heart, and his charm of manner appealed to great and small alike. There was no variety of out-of-door sport to which he was not passionately devoted. Besides hunting with his brother's hounds, he kept, when he first married, a pack of harriers in the heart of the Duke's country, with which he occasionally hunted the fox as well, and woke great wrath in the mind of old "Will," the Duke's huntsman, though the

good-natured Duke only laughed. From Kirkbank he fished the Tweed and most of its tributary streams, and many were the happy nights spent "burning the water"—a forbidden pleasure now-a-days. Racing was the only one of his pursuits that Lady John never liked or took much interest in, though the stud was at Cawston and she used to name his young horses. "The Reiver," the best two-year-old of his year; "Hobbie Noble," who ought to have won the Derby but for foul play; "Windhound," the sire of "Thormanby"; "Elthiron," and many others, owed their names to her; but she rarely saw them run.

She was a bad sailor, but she liked yachting, especially in and out of the sheltered sea-lochs of the West Coast, and she was constantly on board the *Lufra* and the *Flower o' Yarrow*.¹ They once spent a summer at Beaulieu, near the New Forest, yachting along the South Coast, but she disliked its relaxing climate, and much preferred their usual yachting quarters at Caroline Park, close to Granton. She never went on any of the rougher or more distant expeditions with Lord John. The

¹ The *Lufra* was a cutter of 80 ton; the *Flower o' Yarrow* a yawl of 218 ton.

longest of these was a cruise to the Baltic during the Crimean War. His companions were his nephew Lord Dalkeith, Archie Gage, Mr Wauchope of Niddrie, Dr Burt, and "Romey," the favourite dog that had been left in his care by Horace Cust. They went up to Cronstadt and sailed along each side of the island. The English Fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, was lying outside, but several of the captains—George Elliot (afterwards Admiral Sir G. Elliot) amongst the number—took advantage of the *Flower o' Yarrow* to get a better view of the enemy's position, and went into the bay on the yacht. It was on this cruise that Lady John, knowing how he would miss her letters, wrote twenty-eight little notes beforehand, which were entrusted to the steward, with directions to give him one every morning. This was the only far-away cruise he made, for he never went to Norway, as has been erroneously said. The present Duke and my uncle, Lord Haddington, are now the last survivors of these expeditions.

In 1839 came Lady John's first great sorrow. My grandmother, who had never been strong, developed great delicacy of chest, and was ordered to winter abroad. On their way to Italy in October

she and Sir Hugh stopped in Paris at the Hôtel Bristol, and, without knowing it, were put into rooms from which a case of scarlet-fever had just been moved. My grandmother caught it, and died a few days later. The news of her illness and death reached home almost simultaneously, and was the most terrible shock. Her only child, my mother, had been left at Spottiswood during her absence, and in the agony of their sorrow my great-grandparents could not bear to part with her ; and so for the next thirteen years she lived with them almost entirely. My grandmother seems to have had a presentiment that she would never come back. Lady John found out afterwards that she had separately pointed out to both husband and sister the spot in Polwarth Churchyard where she wished to lie ; and many other little things, as well, came back to their minds, which showed she had felt she was leaving them for ever. To Lady John it was like losing part of herself. The lines she wrote at the time show how deeply she felt it. Nothing ever filled the blank, though as years passed on my mother became more and more of a companion to her. Lord and Lady John never had any children, so my mother was the one young thing in that closely-knit family circle.

There is not much to tell about those days, for, though full of home interests, they were lived away from the world, and almost entirely among friends and relations. One of the few incidents which stand out is the Queen's visit to Scotland in 1842, when she and Prince Albert spent a fortnight at Dalkeith. Lady John wrote at the time the following short account of their stay :—

Wednesday, 31st of August.—The Queen was expected to arrive, and we were in readiness all day to go and see her land, but the day passed, and she did not come. The Duke and John rode to Granton in the evening. Sir Robert Peel followed them and they remained there all night. Next morning news came, before we were up, that the Royal Squadron was at anchor off Inch Keith. After breakfast the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Georgina Balfour, Lady Mary Campbell, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cawdor, the children and myself, set off to see the Queen land at Granton, but when we got as far as Edinburgh, we had the vexation of hearing that Her Majesty had passed by another road to Dalkeith, nearly half an hour before. That very day, two hundred and eighty-one years before, Queen Mary landed in Scotland (reckoning by the Old Style). We drove back to Dalkeith as fast as possible, and reached the Park just after the bodyguard had passed through the gates. The Duchess got into the house almost immediately after the Queen and Prince Albert. The Duchess of Norfolk, Miss Paget, Lord Liverpool, Colonel Bouverie, General Wemyss, Mrs Anson and Sir James Clarke came down with them.

The Queen and Prince Albert had luncheon in their own rooms and afterwards took a walk together; later in

the afternoon they drove about the Park, and Colonel Bouverie found John and made him ride with them to show them the way. At a quarter before eight, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Lord and Lady Abercorn, Lord and Lady Rosebery, Lord and Lady Hopetoun, Lord and Lady Kinnoull, the Duke of Hamilton and Lady Willoughby dined here. The Queen came into the drawing-room a few minutes before dinner was ready, and walked about and spoke to everyone. The Duke of Buccleuch took the Queen to dinner and Prince Albert the Duchess of Buccleuch. After dinner the Queen's health was drunk, then Prince Albert's, and soon afterwards the Queen went up to the drawing-room, where she talked to different people and walked about for some time. Then she sat down on a sofa in the middle of the room, where she sat every evening. The Duchess of Buccleuch sat beside her on the sofa, and several other ladies sat round the table which was before her.

On Friday the Queen and Prince came down to luncheon, and after they had all gone into the luncheon room, Lady Cawdor and I were sent for, to go also. The Queen wore a tartan silk gown. After luncheon the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Duchess of Norfolk drove in one carriage, Lady Cawdor, Lady Georgina Balfour, Miss Paget and I in another. The Duke, John, Mr Balfour, General Wemyss and Colonel Bouverie rode by the carriages. It was intended that we should have gone to Rosslyn but it rained so fast, we only went as far as Lasswade and came home through the Park at Melville. There came to dinner Lady Haddington, Lady Morton, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Eglintoun, Lord Melville and Miss Dundas, Lord Elcho, the Lord Provost, Dr Lee, Dr Cooke, Sir George Murray and Sir Neil Douglas. In

the evening, the Provost and the clergymen were presented to her Majesty.

On Saturday, we breakfasted early, and about ten o'clock we all drove off towards Edinburgh. The Queen and Prince Albert went alone in the first carriage. We went by Niddrie, and came into the low road through the King's Park at Holyrood. The road was lined with people nearly the whole way from Dalkeith. We did not stop at Holyrood House, as there has been scarlet fever in one part of it. It made me melancholy to think how deserted it is now; the last Princess who lived in it was Anne, when she was in Scotland with her brother James II., then Duke of York, and the last Prince who took up his abode there was Prince Charles, who gave a series of balls at the Palace in 1745, just before he left it for ever.

We proceeded up the Canongate, obliged to go at a foot's pace, there was such a dense crowd of people. The sight was altogether the finest I ever saw! The archers walked close by the Queen's carriage, the bodyguard was in front, and behind the last carriage, to keep all right. Every window to the top of the tall, old houses was crowded with people; scaffolds were erected along the walls of the houses where it was possible, and the street itself was a moving mass of people; handkerchiefs were waved, and flowers flung before the Queen's carriage; the cheering was immense, though now and then it was mixed with a little hissing. The same balcony in the Regent Moray's house, where Argyle and his family stood to see Montrose led to prison, was filled with spectators; and I could not help thinking that Oliver Cromwell had looked out of those very windows after the battle of Dunbar, and that there too the Commissioners of the Union had signed their names. We passed slowly on, the same way that Queen Mary was led after the battle of Carbery, and

where Prince Charles made his public entry into Edinburgh nearly a hundred years ago !

The Queen got out at the Castle and walked over it. She was shown the Regalia, and we remained some time on the Battery, looking at the beautiful view of the Forth, and the Fife and Perthshire Hills. We then went by the Mound to Princes Street, and so on, till we came to the Dean Bridge, where her Majesty went on to Dalmeny to luncheon, with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, etc., and we came home. A scaffolding fell in Princes Street and two people were killed and several hurt. Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Lord and Lady Belhaven, Captain Dundas, Miss Anne Dundas, the Lord Register, Sir William Rae, came to dinner.

On Sunday we had service performed by Mr Ramsay¹ in the dining-room at 12 o'clock. After luncheon the Duchess of Buccleuch drove the Queen in her pony carriage, first about the Park, and then to Newbattle and Dalhousie. Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence and Lord Mark Kerr dined here. On Monday a reception was held here. The large drawing-room was the place chosen ; the Queen stood about half-way up the room on the side furthest from the windows. We, who were in the house, were allowed to go up immediately after the addresses were presented. The entrance was by the side door, and up the great staircase. Everything was very well arranged ; there was no confusion whatever, which was wonderful considering the immense number of carriages, three hundred and seventy-one we heard. The archers lined the halls and the staircases, and prevented any delay or stop.

Scarcely any strangers dined at Dalkeith that day. Tuesday we breakfasted early and went to the foot of

¹ Afterwards Dean of Edinburgh.

the staircase and saw the Queen and Prince Albert depart for the Highlands.¹ The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch went also. They were to cross at the Queen's Ferry, so called from an *English Queen of Scotland* (Margaret Atheling), who landed there seven hundred and seventy-four years ago—and married Malcolm Canmore. On Tuesday 13th, the Duchess came back about three o'clock, and the Queen, etc., at five. She was attended by the gentlemen of the country and their tenantry. We all stood at the foot of the staircase and she shook hands with us when she came in. Lord Frederick and Lady Augusta Fitz-Clarence came to dinner. Next day, Wednesday, the Queen did not come to luncheon, but after luncheon she, Prince Albert and the Duchess of Buccleuch drove to Rosslyn. The Duke of Buccleuch and General Wemyss rode to Granton to settle something about to-morrow's embarkation and could not get back in time for dinner. John had to take the Queen to dinner. After dinner the Queen and Prince Albert wrote their names in a book the Duchess has got for autographs, and everyone who has been staying at Dalkeith just now, has also written his name in the same book. Thursday, some of the Queen's attendants went away at half-past five, the Duchess of Norfolk and Miss Paget at half-past six; we breakfasted at half-past seven, and then the Queen, Prince and Duchess of Buccleuch drove away; Lord and Lady Emlyn, Mr Talbot and I followed. There were a great many people almost all the way; they cheered immensely. They took Mr Talbot for Sir Robert Peel, and hissed him. A body of archers met us, and on the pier we found another

¹ The Queen and Prince Albert left Dalkeith on 6th September to pay visits at Scone, Taymouth, and Drummond Castle, returning to Dalkeith on 13th September.

body, who formed a lane for the Queen to pass to the gangway, to go on board the *Trident* steam vessel, in which she is to return. We all went on board and saw the vessel ; it was very nice. The Queen bid us good-bye, and kissed us ; and then we went on shore, stood to see her sail ; it was a very pretty sight, the day fine, and the pier crowded with people.

It was noticed at the time, that of all the guests at Dalkeith, the one the Queen singled out, and showed most pleasure in talking to, was the Duchess of Roxburghe, then in the first flush of youth and beauty. The Queen generally sent for her to come and sit by her after dinner. The friendship begun then proved one of the most enduring of the Queen's life.

Lady John was at both the *Bals poudrés* that were given at Buckingham Palace. At one, the whole Court, headed by the Queen and Prince Albert, danced a Polonaise through all the State apartments. The period chosen for the other—1740-50—covered the few weeks when Prince Charles held his Court at Holyrood ; and Lady John could not resist the temptation of impersonating one of his devoted adherents. But which ? That was the question. And in her perplexity she fell back for advice on Charles Kirkpatrick

Sharpe, and the following letters passed between them :—

To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Newton Don,

Saturday. (May 1846.)

Dear Mr Sharpe,

I am going to do a very impertinent thing. I am trying to think of a costume to wear at the Queen's Ball next month, and the time, 1740-50, is much too tempting for me to resist trying to find a Jacobite character for the occasion. It *must* be a Court dress of the period, and rigorously exact, and I am going to apply to you to know *if* Flora Macdonald ever was at Prince Charles' Court at Holyrood (of course, she never was at any other !), and if you could give me a notion of what her costume was. No one but you could tell me, and, if you *will* be so kind, you do not know how grateful I shall be to you. If poor Flora never *was* at Court, *can* you give me any idea of any other lady who went to Holyrood then, and what sort of dress, gloves, shoes, etc., she wore? Of course, I suppose one of the Charteris' will be Lady Nelly Wemyss, so I except her.

Now, dear Mr Sharpe, if I bore you, or if you think me too impudent, *do not* take any notice of my letter.

Lord John desires his kind remembrance.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

ALICE A. JOHN SCOTT.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,

Edinburgh, *Monday. (May 1846.)*

Dear Madam,

I have the honour of receiving your letter yesterday, and beg leave to assure you that it gives me infinite satisfaction to be of the slightest service to you.

Miss Flora was never at Holyrood House during the Prince's abode there. Lady Margaret Macdonald, long a useful friend to her, told my mother she was introduced to him by Mrs Macdonald of Clanronald after the battle of Culloden. But, if you should like to dress as Miss Flora, this need be no obstacle, for there was no particular *Court* dress during the reign of rich silks and embroidery. Ladies went to common parties as fine as at St James's; hoops were worn by almost all ranks.

I have a print of Miss Flora (three-quarters) from her picture painted during her fashion. The dress might be made *tolerable*.

Lady Mackintosh, who routed Lord Loudoun's forces near Moy with a blacksmith and her own servants, was with the Prince at Holyrood House. I have a head of her from a picture by Ramsay. She raised the clan for Charles, in spite of her husband, whom, it was said, she took prisoner in a skirmish. Any drawings, or anything I have, pray command. Mr Hogarth's prints are a perfect authority for everything. I suspect that the Queen hath a mind to titter at her loyal subjects during the Ball, for the costumes of the ladies at the period chosen were very unbecoming, and that of the gentlemen hideous.

Should you be in Edinburgh shortly, I shall be most happy to wait upon you to hold a consultation about costumes. Meanwhile, if I can do anything else to serve you or Lord John in this or any other thing, it will make me very proud. I have old jewels and lace, etc., that might be of use. Could you come hither to inspect them? I write confusedly with a bad cold, but I hope the sense of my scrawl is clear enough. So, begging leave to present my very best respects to Lord John, I am, dear Madam,

Your most faithful Servant,

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

P.S.—If the Prince ever danced with any of Lord Wemyss' family, it must have been with Countess Janet, the Lord Elcho's mother, but that was not likely, as Lord Wemyss used to join with me in thinking. What fibs are always told even in recent times, as the 1745 seems to be to your old servant! The jig is merely the "Bob of Dunblane."

To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Gladswood,
Saturday. (May 1846.)

Dear Mr Sharpe,

I delayed for a day or two to thank you for your most kind letter, as there was a chance of Lord John's being for a day in Edinburgh, and in that case he would have taken my gratitude to you himself, and at the same time looked at the *coiffure* of the "Lady of Moy," and brought me a correct description of it.

I cannot tell you how very much obliged to you I was for being so kind to answer all my tiresome questions! The Queen cannot laugh fairly at her subjects, as she will be in the same case. I should think it should go to Prince Albert's heart to have his moustaches, etc. shaved off! Lord John is of your opinion about the unbecomingness of the costume, I suppose, as he *will* not go, and thinks me a great goose for going, but I must say I would like to see the world retrograded a hundred years, if it is only for one night. Your offer of lending me lace and jewels is much the *kindest* I ever heard of, but with the *greatest* gratitude I must decline taking advantage of it, as it would be a weight in my mind to think I had anything of another person's, to lose or be stolen (either of which is likely to happen in the crowd).

I am very sorry to hear that Lady Nelly Wemyss is a fabulous heroine—I always believed in her till now.—I was

looking at your drawings at Abbotsford, the *only* things I go there to look at (except my name and arms among the border chieftains in the hall). What a vile place it is! A ginger-bread house half buried in a swampy hole. One feels as if one could hardly breathe in it.

We go back to Newton Don on Monday morning, but I could not longer put off telling you how very grateful I am to you for all your good nature to me.

Believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

ALICE A. JOHN SCOTT.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,

Edinburgh. (27th May 1846.)

Dear Madam,

I am always most happy to be of any use to you, and as to the poor trifles I offered, had they been lost, I should have consoled myself, that they had served you.—Item: I have all my life been so used to losses that I bear them much better than luckier persons can possibly do.

I send a sketch of Lady Macdonald, which will furnish what you desire. I do think that the hair in a good hair-dresser's hands, might be made very pretty—but I hear that everybody is to wear powder (I suspect not in vogue at all during the period marked), and the ladies no hoops. Mercy on us! An Irish fancy ball, alias bull—like the Eglinton Tournament, where was never a knight—or the play of *Hamlet*, Hamlet omitted by desire of the Queen!

I do not wonder that you have some curiosity as to the sight, especially as you cannot possibly make a fright of yourself—but however handsome a gentleman may be, he cannot stand the costume. I have a coat of my grand-

father's, a sight of the back of which would make the heart of the stoutest hero quail. Old and deformed as I am, I should die under the shame of it in public.

Queens (and Kings too) generally think that nobody desires to laugh at *themselves*—a great error, and which often has led to very serious consequences.

I never saw Abbotsford—but I have often heard that it is exactly as you describe it. Poor Sir Walter knew nothing of architecture, painting or music—and you will wonder at *my* impudence, dear Madam, when I tell you, that in many points he appeared to me an ill judge of literary composition. He over and over again told me that he could not perceive the slightest merit in Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*—nor have the patience to read one volume of Richardson's *Clarissa*! The loss was lucky for him in one sense—and also for Lord Byron, who held the same opinion—because, could they have read the book, they must needs have blushed for the poor Newgate rascals they were so fond of portraying, when compared with the satanic Lovelace of humble Samuel Richardson.

The only Lady Nelly Wemyss of the year '45—afterwards Lady Nelly Dalrymple—was so very young when the Prince was at Holyrood, that it is next to impossible she danced there with him—nor, had she been old enough, was it likely that her father should suffer her to make such a demonstration—but her mother probably was the lady—though against that some things might be urged, with which I shall not at present tire you.

Pray honour me with your commands whenever it suits you—have the goodness to present my best respects to Lord John.

Believe me, dear Madam, to be ever,

Your most faithful Servant,

C. KIRKPATRICK SHARPE.

Similarity of tastes formed a great bond between Lady John and Mr Sharpe. He was at that time the highest living authority on Scottish folk-lore, family history and tradition generally; and a correspondence which originally started with some questions about Drumlanrig, went on more or less intermittently till his death. Among Lady John's papers were a bundle of his letters, labelled "Letters from C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, all interesting," and as her replies, which had been returned at his death, were tied up with them, it is possible to reconstruct the correspondence.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,
27th March. (1846.)

Dear Madam,

I hope you will do me the honour of accepting Lord Kelly's Minuets, which I am certain, knowing your musical taste, that you will think very pretty. I wish I could afford to print more of his MSS. music; but such things are a horrid expense,—and my comfort is, that I think I should now blunder horribly in correcting the press. His songs, I guess, you will not care for.

I send two ballads, never printed, that I have heard in Annandale. Moll the Rover, with the chorus calculated for a drum accompaniment, seems to me to have spirit. The other is the genuine air of Helen of Kirkconnel. How and when the common vile melody was patched up, I do

not know. This, in my youth, was the song everybody sang, on the very spot where the tragedy took place. I was formerly very anxious to discover at what time the fair young lady was killed ; but tho' I had access to all the charter chests likely to satisfy my curiosity, I could obtain no satisfaction. I have altered *one* word in the poetry. For, "I'll make a *garland* of thy hair," I have substituted "bracelet," a garland of hair gives the suspicion of a *wig* !—the most unpoetical idea possible,—a complete extinguisher of Cupid and all his romantic train.

I also send a copy of the letter which Lord Cassilis wrote after the death of his wandering wife. About that story too, I could never be very clear. The late Lord Haddington, who remembered everything, and did not much care for family slips, declared that there was no foundation for such a scandal in his Pedigree.

I am vexed to hear that the cabinets I remember at Drumlanrig are gone, or empty ; the papers probably were burnt, as nobody in that part of the world cared for such things. Perhaps they were deposited in what was called the charter room, of which I never saw anything but the door. In it was a singular curiosity—a grant to the family entirely written by King James the 1st, not Solomon the 1st of England, but his amiable and luckless predecessor.

I remember a very pretty model of the tomb at Durisdeer, which stood in the gallery. Item : a curious small room, called the Court of France. It was fitted up with prints of the noblesse of Louis XIV.'s time, dressed in real silk and satin. My father used to say that the old Duke of Queensberry was fond of this room, and used to walk about in it, singing French chansons—out of tune.

I recollect a picture of *old, glorious*, alias K. William, on horseback, which the Híghlanders had stabbed in the leg during what is called the Rebellion ; another of a Turkish

ambassador by Kneller, which much pleased my juvenile taste. I most reluctantly confess that I never saw the ghost at Drumlanrig, though much I heard of her—a Lady Anne, who used to appear at night with her head in one hand and fan in the other. There was a small oval picture in the saloon, pointed out as her portrait, but this, of which I have a print, was the second Duke's daughter, who died very young. The ghost was more probably Lady Anne Elcho, who was miserably burnt to death at Wemyss Castle; yet she was a good, pious woman, and certainly buried with her head on her shoulders.

I remember the steps of a large waterfall and several fountains, or rather their basins, all dry—a statue in one, which the common people called “Jock wi' the horn,” alias a Triton, which threw the water thirty feet high. The gardens were charming, but all broken down and neglected—their statues melted down to patch up holes on the roof of the house.

I fear I have tired you with my dull recollections. If so, pray forgive me.

28 Drummond Place,
May 1846.

I was happy to learn lately that in the charter-room at Drumlanrig are the cabinets I remember, and that there is a list of all the letters, etc.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,
5th August 1847.

Dear Madam,

It gives me infinite pleasure to know that you like the trifles which I can offer. I hope to find the Cardinal shortly. Meanwhile in arranging my prints, I

have found a duplicate which I hope you will honour me by accepting. It is a full length of Mary of Modena when Duchess of York, from Lely—and pretty enough. As it is folio size, I shall send it to George's Square to wait your return to Scotland, which I hope will be soon, from what you write as to the health of Mr Spottiswood.

We have all been roasted here this summer with the heat, and are now cooling slowly—it nearly killed me—nor have I escaped the Jenny Lind fever, for I have got a ticket for her concert, though I can guess very well what I am to hear. It is said she is of Scotch extract, which we need not care about, as long as this country can boast of a Miss Lolla Montes, alias Wright, a gem from the town of Montrose! who makes a bulldog her lap-dog, and can break a carter's arm with a cudgel. Mademoiselle Rachel is also to appear here shortly, which I am vastly glad of, as I have greatly longed to see her. I never saw a French tragedy in my life, and, if the Margravine of Anspach's imitations of Mademoiselle Clarion were correct, it must be a most comic exhibition.

Our Scottish Princes have been overhauled in the last number of the *Quarterly* with too much tenderness, I think.

To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Leamington,

Monday. (21st September 1847.)

Dear Mr Sharpe,

I should long ago have acknowledged your most kind letter, but I was till very lately so anxious about my Father, who was much worse again, that I had not the heart to write to any one. Now I am thankful to say he is going on steadily well, and I again see light at the end of

the avenue, and hope we may all be home in Scotland soon.

I can only say, as I have done before—you are much too kind to me! How delighted I shall be to receive Mary of Modena, and place her among her children and grandchildren. *All* the prints, you have so *very* kindly given me, I have had framed, and ranged round the walls of my sitting room at Cawston, as I had them at Newton Don. If you have not sent it to Miss Wauchope's, will you kindly despatch it by the railway directed to me,—21 Beauchamp Square, Leamington, Warwickshire. If it were three times as large I should like to have it; and if Miss Wauchope has it, I will write and desire her to send it.

There is some game to be sent to her house, half of which she is to send to you, if you will accept it, tho' I daresay you are inundated with it from Dumfriesshire!

I wonder whether you like Jenny Lind, and whether her singing was *not* like what you expected, for that seems to be one of her merits, that everyone is surprised, however much they may have heard in her praise beforehand. I saw Mademoiselle Rachel several times some years ago, and I *did not* like her, but I suppose I was a very bad judge. She certainly ranted and declaimed then, though she may be softened and subdued into something more natural now. I daresay out of compliment to Scotland she will play "Marie Stuart"; if so, I hope she has taken a new view of the character since I saw her, for then I thought she must have gone to Billingsgate for a model to study it from.

The Queen must have enough of the equinoctial gales by this time, and as she is in reality quite as sea-sick as Prince Albert, though she makes no fuss about it, I pity her off the Lancashire coast just now.

I often sing your songs. My most favourite of all is

"Helen of Kirkconnell," and Lord John's the one your father composed when he was a boy.¹ It certainly is a beautiful air! and I think my favourites are "Lady Margaret," "The Wood of Cockair," and the air of "The Drucken Maidens."

I hope you are sufficiently horrified at the Praslin murder. I fervently hope Mademoiselle de Luzy will have her head cut off. A gentleman who was staying at Praslin only last summer says the Duke was *very* disagreeable and harsh, and the poor Duchess a pattern of everything that was admirable and high-principled.

I will not inflict any more on you, but beg to send Ld. John's very kind regards, and my very warm thanks.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Most gratefully and sincerely yours,

ALICIA A. JOHN SCOTT.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,
Edinburgh, 4th October 1847.

Dear Madam,

I am much obliged to you for the honour of your last letter; and only wish I could send you anything more worthy of your thanks. The portrait of Q. Mary of Modena, I had sent to Miss Wauchope before I heard from you; and I believe she has transmitted it to Leamington. As I said before, it is not a very good print; but the best of her we have.

Ten thousand thanks for the game, which was excellent;—and indeed, Madam, your expression about Dumfriesshire

¹ "Absence"; the words by Lady Grizell Baillie. The air written, for the flageolet, by the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, when seven years old.

made me laugh;—for the truth is, there is not a person there, who would like to send me a brace of bats, though bred in the walls of my own old mansion.

I am much flattered by what you say about my music, and enclose the proof sheet of an old song which I have given to Wood for his new publication. It was noted down by Miss Campbell of Monzie from the singing of Miss Willy Boyd (afterwards Williamson), who learnt it from her nurse.

It gives me very great pleasure to hear that Mr Spottiswood is so much better, and I hope you will soon be able to leave the sick quarters at Leamington, which, if it be at all like what Bath once was, is but a dismal scene.

The last word reminds me of the tragic Jewess, Rachel Felix, whom I saw in *Camille* and *Phèdre*. Oh heavens, such rant—such tear and wear of love and lungs! What surprised me most was that Mademoiselle did not in the least care about the rules of stage position but always stood too near the person she was addressing—in fact, when she made love to her stepson, she looked as if she were going to bite his ear off. In *Horace*, the chair she was to faint in was not properly placed, so she composedly set it as it should be, and then flopped into it with her eyes shut! In the other play, after being much applauded on one of her exits, she came back again to make a bow which was certainly much beneath the dignity of a haughty Queen of Athens.

I have also heard the Swedish night-bird—Miss Jenny Lind, but felt none of those transports which agitate her audience in general. Mara had a much richer and sweeter voice—in her very highest notes—while Miss Jenny actually screams. However, she is a very pretty singer, with an excellent shake. The sort of hum she can make appeared to me very pleasant, though, withal, it is not music.

I do not remember a worse French murder in the higher ranks than that of poor Madame de Praslin, though there

were very shocking ones in the reign of Henry III., and the Marquise de Gange's slaughter is scarcely creditable now. I saw Madame de Flahault two days ago, who read to me some of the Duchess's letters written shortly before her death—moving enough, poor soul, owing to her sad catastrophe. There was much about the impertinence of the jade who made her so miserable. Madame de Flahault tells me that this odious wretch, who she hired for the Duchess without having seen her, is *not* handsome—an ugly turned up nose, with wide nostrils, a tolerable complexion and abundance of curled hair with *crimson* ribbon—emblem, God wot, of her bloody disposition. When Madame de Flahault first saw her at the Sebastiani Hotel, she asked the Duchess who she was, and on being told it was the governess she had herself procured from England, said she never would have recommended her had she ever seen her. The canopy of the Duchess's bed, very heavy, was suspended from the roof of the room; and after her murder it was discovered that somebody had undone almost all the screws, so that it might have fallen and crushed her to death.

Old Lady Stapleton, the late Lord le Despencer's grandmother, told me that she was in the drawing-room with Lady Ferrers, when her husband attempted to shoot her. They were looking out at the lawn, when the door behind them opened, and crack went a pistol bullet into the window shutter, just above Lady Stapleton's head. What comfortable company to be in, dear Madam! Lord Ferrers was afterwards hanged for the murder of his steward, one Johnson.

To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Spottiswood,

Friday, 17th March 1848.

My dear Sir,

I must first thank you very much for the
“Lady of Moy” who is very pretty in spite of her dingy

complexion. It was very kind of you to send me the print, and I am *very* much obliged to you.

I want to ask you whether you know an old Scotch fairy tale, called "The Weary Well at the World's End." Several old women hereabouts knew little bits of it, but they all forget most of it, and what I *have* heard has taken my fancy so much that I want to get the whole, and I thought if anyone knew it, it would be you. I also want to ask you whether you know a *very* old set of "Willie's drowned in Yarrow." There are several sets of it which I know, but I cannot get the one I want, which begins: "The kye come hame, and Willie's awantin'."

Several have told me they remember having heard it *long* ago, but have long since forgot it.

I also want to ask you if you have heard a song, beginning:—

"Stichill never shall get ye, Jean,
Stichill never shall get ye,
For a' his gowd and his bonny black horse,
He may come but he'll go without ye, Jean,
Bonny Jean of the Hirsell,
For a' his lands and a' his gear,
Stichill never s'all get ye, Jean."

An old woman sang it to me, yesterday, and said she had forgot all the rest. I was anxious to ask if you knew it, for I have heard it before, and "Bonny Jean of the Hirsell" was the daughter of an old Lord Home who long ago married a Hume of Polwarth, and her picture is at Marchmont, for my poor sister and I thought her so pretty we had it put up in the dining-room there some years ago. I hope you will not be very angry with me for boring you so much, but I *trust* that you will not answer a single question if it troubles you, and pray forgive me.

What changes in France since we met. Henry V. must be very soft not to have tried his fortune at the present. I am glad the Duchess of Orleans is disappointed. I am sure she meant to play some deep game for herself and her son. What a set of poltroons Louis Philippe and his sons have turned out.

Lord John begs to be particularly remembered to you, and
I am, with much gratitude,

Yours very sincerely,

ALICIA A. JOHN SCOTT.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,
Edinburgh, 7th April 1848.

“The Well at the World’s End” was the darling of my boyhood, and I still remember it so perfectly that when the days are warmer I shall attempt to write it down for your amusement. The ground-work is of great antiquity, as Apuleius tells us that Venus, enraged by her son’s love for Psyche, sent the poor nymph a dreadful journey to fetch her a pitcher of water. Chambers has printed “The World’s End Well” in his *Popular Rhymes, Etc.*, but it is the story of the frog in the well, not the right tale. When Mr Thomson of Duddingston’s pictures were sold, after his death, I bought his picture of the well. It is tolerably good colour, but I think might have been much better.

Though I have known several versions of “Drowned Willie,” I never met with one beginning like that which you mention. It promises well, and I wish one could recover the rest. To the other song I was an utter stranger—at least I think so now,—but then I have forgot vast numbers which I long ago heard sung by travelling tailors, ballad

women, and the damsels on the Hoddam Estate, who convened once a year at the Castle to give my mother a "Spinning Day," as it was called. They arrived in a stately procession, with their wheels upon their backs, and were refreshed with as much beer as they could drink, and dinner of salted beef and cheese.

France, indeed, is at her old tricks again, dear Madam, sad and sickening to think of. Her revolutions are a disgrace to human nature. My young blood was frozen by the horrors of the first outbreak, which began exactly like this, only more blood at first. Of that, doubtless, we shall have enough shortly, and, after all, no great matter. The ex-King and his cubs have cut a shocking figure. He is the true son of that monster Egalité, whose execution, I remember well, transported me with joy. You will be amused when I mention that the murder which struck me most then was that of Madame du Barry! I was acquainted with her in all her costumes through the *Lady's Magazine*, and shocked when she behaved so ill on the scaffold, while others died heroically.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,
Edinburgh, 8th March 1849.

I was introduced to Lord Lauderdale a long while ago, but have never met him since. His family was always pleasant, and generally with much more genius than other people. There was a family face too, plain enough, but very prepossessing—the Duke's will do for all the rest, as far as portraits go. What an extraordinary man he was as to learning and talents, and is, I think, the same! But he never thumb-screwed the Whigs (I wish he had!) at any of his houses—that was a *public* entertainment which I should

have delighted to enjoy. I have some old views of the ancient Castle, which are very curious and magnificent.

Some time ago I attempted to write the tale of the "Well at the World's End" for your amusement, but find that I have forgot all the petty details. The story-tellers of former date always commenced it thus :—

"Ance in a day
When geese were grey
And birds they biggit
In auld men's beards—
There was a King and a Queen
As in mony lands hae been,
The King had a daughter
And the Queen had a daughter"

by former marriages. The King's daughter was beautiful, the Queen's a fright. The King dies, and the Queen, who hated his daughter because she outshone her own crooked offspring and had a great many lovers, resolved to destroy her. So she sends her with the pitcher on her head to the well at the world's end for some of the water, thinking that the goblins and wild beasts would kill her on the way. I have forgot her adventures in detail, only that she was civil to all the fairies in disguise and the warlocks she met with ; and when she came to the world's end and was in great distress at not finding the well, a voice told her whereabouts it was, and advised her to wash herself in it, which she did, and came out ten times more charming than she was before. She goes home again with the pitcher full, and throws the Queen into despair, who then thinks of sending her ugly daughter to the well, that she might get rid of her hump, etc. etc. She sets off, but is so rude to all the wonders she meets in the way that they bite and scratch her, break her pitcher, and duck her in a filthy ditch. In this sad pickle she returns to her mother, who throws herself from a rock into the sea ; and

“the finest Prince that ever was seen” marries the King’s daughter, of course.

This is founded on the old story of Cupid and Psyche, which poor Mrs Tighe has so prettily versified. How tired you will be, dear Madam, by puzzling over my unreadable scrawl.

But here I end, with most sincere wishes to you and Lord John.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,

Edinburgh, 30th September 1850.

What follows about Caroline Park may perhaps amuse you. The ruin, close to it, was long one of the chief nests of the Whiggery during the reign of King Charles I., and many a Cockatrice egg of the Covenant was hatched in it. It belonged to Sir Thomas Hope, the rebellious king’s advocate, who used to collect his fellow spiders there privately to weave treason against his kind master. What a pity it was that he did not live to the Restoration, when he would certainly have been hanged.

At Caroline Park used sometimes to reside Lord Royston and his eccentric daughter, Lady Dick of Priestfield. She and her maid were taken up by the city guard at night for breaking windows in the High Street—they were dressed as men. This lady wrote many lampoons, which were very popular at the time.

From Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

28 Drummond Place,

Edinburgh, 23rd December 1850.

The little picture, the Prince of Wales, which I send, belonged to the Kenmure family. My father’s first cousin, Miss Peggy Laurie of Maxwelton, niece of “Annie,” pre-

sented it to me. The first baronet's daughter married Mr Gordon of Kenmure, and the last of that family left her paraphernalia to Peggy. Peggy was no Jacobite, though descended from very staunch ones, so she gave me this trifle, which was said to have been done at Rome—item: the diamonds were picked out long before it came into my cousin's possession.

An anecdote out of place—the day that Miss Laurie was to be married to Mr Gordon, a Whig, the son of one of Sir Robert's tenants, was to be hanged at Dumfries. His mother came to the bride, weeping and wringing her hands, with: "Oh, sweet madam, for God's sake, save my son. Your father can do it, and he will grant you anything on a day like this."

The bride's reply was: "From all I have heard of your son, it will do him a great deal of good to be hanged." And so the colloquy concluded.

In spite of your kindness, I am certain I shall never know the subject of the Duchess of Portsmouth's letters to the Duke of Queensberry. The Duke was my uncle, for his sister, Lady Isabella's daughter, was my grandmother, so I would fain suppose him a "Joseph Andrews" if I could. He was fondest of money than anything else, and beyond measure proud. I have a letter of his in which he states that he did not go to Lady Isabella's funeral because the notice of her death was sent by the post, and not by special messenger.

To Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Spottiswood,

7th January 1851.

My dear Mr Sharpe,

I only yesterday received the little picture of James VIII. through the tardy hands of Miss Wauchope,

and I cannot express half my gratitude to you for bestowing such a treasure upon me. The only point on which I feel worthy of it is my complete appreciation of it. Independent of my loyal feelings towards the original of the miniature, I think it *very* pretty and quaint in itself, and shall wear it with most grateful remembrance of the giver, who has always been so *very* kind to me ever since we have been acquainted.

You may depend on my telling you whatever I may hear of the Duke of Queensberry's correspondence; and the Duke of Buccleuch promised to let me know if he finds anything curious.

We in Lammermoor, have had a winter like May, and it is still warm and sunny, buds coming out and green peas above the ground.

Lord John has found a new amusement which excites him very much—duck shooting in a gunning punt on the Forth. He will send you some proofs of his prowess next time he goes on an expedition. With his kindest remembrances to you, Believe me, dear Mr Sharpe,

Yours most gratefully and sincerely,

ALICIA A. JOHN SCOTT.

Mr Sharpe's death in 1851 brought the correspondence to a close.

Three years before this had occurred an incident of Court life, which Lady John was very fond of describing—the visit of the Prince and Princess of Parma to Bowhill. They had been driven from home by the Revolution of 1848, and for the second time in her life the Princess found a refuge in Scotland. In 1830 she had lived at Holyrood

with her grandfather, Charles X., and her little brother, the Duc de Bordeaux. This time she came with her husband and her children, "Piccolo Bobbi" and "Bella Megga" (in after years the unhappy Duchess of Madrid). Lady John said the Princess was the most lovable creature in the world, very pretty, perfectly natural, and talking the prettiest broken English. When they played cards, if anybody dawdled or was undecided, she used to say, "It is a beautiful thing to be quick!" One night they had waxworks. Lord John was showman, and the Duke a country bumpkin who had come to see the show. Lady John was Queen Pomare, with a black crape mask closely stretched over her face and neck. The Princess said, "Make me anyone you like, but, oh! do not make me Madame de Pompadour!" I do not remember what character was finally chosen for her. Another evening they acted charades, the words chosen being "surgeon" (Sir-John), "music" (mew-sick), and "guitar" (guy-tar). The Princess took the part of the White Cat in "Mew," Lord John being the Prince; and in the final scene of "Guitar" she was Doña Altisidora, serenaded by Major Baillie, who made a very good-looking Don

Alfonso. Lady Dalmeny was the duenna; and the three cavaliers who rush in and surprise them were Lord Dalmeny, the Duke, and Lord John. A very amusing scene was "Surgeon"—the Duke in the title-part, and Lord John the patient, out of whom three long kitchen forks were extracted by the help of an oyster knife and a pair of pincers. Miss Charteris¹ was the nurse in attendance. The Prince and Princess stayed a long time at Bowhill, and were to have gone on to Stichill, but cholera was raging in Kelso that autumn, and it was thought unsafe to let them come, so Lady John never saw her poor, pretty Princess again.

After this the landmarks in her life were mostly sad ones. Her elder brother John, who had been in bad health for some time, had died of consumption at Torquay in 1846. He was of a much more silent and reserved nature than the rest of the family, but was greatly beloved. In the Grenadiers his nickname was the "Emu," from his small head and large eyes. He was a fine horseman, and fond of travelling. Spain was the country he knew and loved best, and he was well versed in her literature.

Another death which made a great blank, and

¹ Afterwards Lady Warwick.

was deeply felt by them all, was Sir David Baird's in 1852. The circumstances under which it happened made it doubly sad. The Berwickshire hounds were hunting near Printonan, and in opening a gate Sir David was badly kicked by a restive horse, and his leg broken. They tried to move him to Marchmont, but the jolting of the cart in which he was placed caused such agony, that they had to stop at Mount Pleasant and carry him into the little roadside inn. Lord John, who was close to him when the accident happened, went with him, and never left him again. Lady John came over from Spottiswood to help Lady Anne, who was hurriedly sent for from Newbyth. For nearly a fortnight they nursed him in that wretched hovel—for it was little more. Then blood-poisoning came on, and Sir David died. The misery and discomfort of that time can hardly be realized. Wretched beds, no proper cooking, doors and windows that would not shut, and which let in the bitter cold of those January nights; not even a mat on the bare stone floors! Lady John always thought Lord John never recovered the exposure and fatigue of those long nights of watching, and that this started the rheumatism and sciatica from

which latterly he suffered so much ; but it is more than likely that long hours of lying on wet moors waiting for wild geese, and nights spent on the river in dripping clothes, may have partly accounted for it. Willie Scott, the old fisherman at Birgham, told me that many and many a time he had been out all night with Lord John "burning the water," and that when morning came he had seen him lie down in the bottom of the boat to snatch a few moments' rest, with the damp rising like steam from his clothes as the rays of the sun touched him. His bad health was aggravated by breaking his leg over a stone wall out hunting near Bowhill, and from that time he never was quite himself again. During the constant and violent attacks of gout to which he was subject he had an odd fancy for keeping his hands in Lady John's sealskin muff; and I have often heard her say that the first sign of his really getting better, was the muff being thrown to the end of the room.

Both he and Lady John went through much anxiety during the Crimean War. They had many relations at the front, among them Lord John's favourite nephew, Horace Cust. He was killed in the battle of the Alma. His dog "Romey," a

yellow Roman spitz, which had been left with Lady John, was for years her devoted companion, till laid at last under the great apple-tree at Cawston.

Lord John was very fond of Cawston, and after giving up Stichill in 1853, they lived there much more. In 1855, he writes to Mrs Spottiswood:—

Cawston,

My dear Mrs Spot,

18th December 1855.

Don't plume yourself on the belief that Mr Spot's hot-house saved me from coughs. I caught mine nursing Alicia's, which was a bad, feverish one. But it never ailed me beyond barking like a house dog. I am well of it altogether, and was eight hours on horseback yesterday, and as fresh as paint to-day, and have not been as free from gout for an age. It is all stuff saying this place is damp, etc. It is very comfortable for its kind, and, as I have built up half the size of the grates, it is a very healthy heat inside.

We had Peregrine Cust and Charley, and I miss them very much. Charley is to me what poor Horace was in *his* way, like my son, and she like my daughter. I hope she will not marry a fool or a rogue if it can be avoided. Most women do. I am very sorry about poor Jock.¹ But who is safe? We may, any of us, be served the same. God made us, God takes us.

Tell the Laird I will write to him to-night. My love to him. Remember me to Mr Black, Mrs Black, mill people, and poor, poor Mauchline.²

Yours very affectionately,

JOHN SCOTT.

¹ One of the workmen at Spottiswood.

² All people on the place at Spottiswood.

A year or two later he writes, trying to persuade her to join them at Cawston, and see it in all its summer beauty :—

To Mrs Spottiswood.

You dreadful woman !

Oh, you dreadful woman !

Why will you never come? Never will it be so pretty again. Who knows if I shall be alive one whole year !

You wicked woman ! You sad woman !

You wretched female woman ! Not to come and see a poor old screw up to his eyes in roses ! ! !

It will *mend your maid*, and Lady J. Scott's maid will *valet* you. And oh, dear ! I really think it would cure me if you came. I should be so pleased, so flattered, so happy, if you would come. *You* would appreciate it. *You* would understand it. You would be a jolly companion here, when most people would be bored. Oh, do come ! Do you want to cure an old cripple ? Then come. I shall expect to see you on *Monday*, and shall send a fly to the station on Monday night to meet the Caledonian.

We shall soon be off to Scotland, and we could all go together. Creep-about-clothes, and out of one door into another. *You would like it.* And it would cure me at once.

Oh pray, pray do, to once pleasure me.

Yours most dutifully and affectionately,

JOHANNES SCOTUS.

26th June 1857.

Cawston Lodge, Rugby.

Before she had almost time to send an answer to this pressing invitation, the sorrowful news reached Cawston of Colonel Spottiswood's sudden death; and Lord John again writes:—

To Mrs Spottiswood.

Cawston, Rugby,
15th July 1857.

My dear Mrs S.,

Alice is *much better*. Heat *excessive*.

She feels the Colonel's death very much.

No letters to-day from Spottiswood, which has made her fancy every one ill there as a matter of course. Have telegraphed to Dr Burt to enquire how you all are. But I suspect we'll get no answer, as he will be at Spottiswood. We leave on Friday for Crewe, next day Carlisle, stay Sunday, and on Monday to Caroline Park. But our plans are sure to be changed. She has been very poorly indeed, but has mended better than I ever saw her do; and, had it not been for poor Colonel Spottiswood's death, she would have started by now.

But misfortunes never come single. I can hardly yet make out about the Colonel's death—how it happened, what it was, or that it is, at all. One thing we do know, that in Heaven there is one more angel, on earth one sufferer less.

I hardly ever knew the man so thoroughly respected. Yes, *respect* is the word. To "love," to "admire," to "venerate," to be "proud of," are words and terms used every day, and convey, after all, but a limit to an idea. But *respect* embodies all I felt for that man—someone whose goodness

made you look up to him and down on yourself. It is a very great loss, and one that is not to be supplied ; because he filled a place, and that place may now be built up, because no one can fill it.

But it cannot be doubted that *his* life hung upon a thread, so precarious was it, and it required so much more watching than in ordinary cases is bestowed upon anyone.

When with you he never was allowed to think or act for himself. All was done for him. He was happy and contented, and undisturbed, and watched for, and acted for. But life on such terms resolves itself into death on the smallest provocation.

Kind love to the Laird,

Yours very affectionately,

JOHN SCOTT.

Love to Nell.¹

The Dr Burt of whom Lord John speaks was not only the Laird's doctor, but the friend and adviser of the whole family, to whom they turned in trouble and sorrow as much as in illness. I just remember him—a tall, slight man, with clear-cut, high-bred features rising above a high collar and a black-and-white checked tie. He possessed great tact and sympathy.

Lady John's letters, unlike his, always betray her longing to get away and be back in Scotland :—

¹ My mother.

To Mrs Spottiswood.

Cawston,

Wednesday evening, 15th December. (1858.)

My dear Mama,

Lord John continues better, I am happy to say. I trust he will be up in a day or two, and I *hope* we shall very soon be down. I am getting quite restless to be off. I send you a song I made the other day.¹ The words cannot be dignified by the name of *poetry*. They are a string of names which I daresay you will hardly be able to get into the tune. It is all about places I like in Cheviot.

Emily Bridgeman Simpson came to-day to call, and after all it was Lady Lucy's *gown* that caught fire. She was moving a little table to the fire, and the back of her flounce whisked into it. She lay down and *rolled*, and Lady Newport, in helping her, caught fire too—her scarf. She dashed it off on the toilet-table, which also caught fire. Lady Charlotte pulled all Lady Newport's night-clothes off the horse to smother the flames on her sister, and then ran out to get something more, not knowing that she, too, had caught fire. The running fanned the flames. Lord Newport and a Mr Boughey, who was staying there, rushed in. Lord Newport put out the flames on Lady Charlotte, and Mr Boughey carried out Lady Lucy. They not only gave them quantities of opium, but they were entirely soaked in it; and yet the agony was so intense that only once, for a short time, it dulled the feeling in Lady Lucy. I never heard anything so horrible as the account of the way they were burnt. It makes one *feel* that verse, "Who can dwell with everlasting burnings."²

¹ "The Bounds o' Cheviot."

² Lady Lucy and Lady Charlotte Bridgeman both died from the effects of this terrible accident.

Just as I came down to write this letter to you I found Mr Wesley Richards sitting here. He had heard Lord John was ill, and ridden all the way to see how he was, which I think very kind. I am going to have the Church Lawford dinner before we start, as I think it will amuse Miss Jean. I think everything a bore and disgusting here. I am so tired of seeing Lord John lying ill. He certainly has a great deal of patience : he hardly ever complains.

I have an answer from H. S. to-day. No hope of Wells !—our usual luck. Oh, how I hope we shall be down next week !
My best love to Papa.

Your most affectionate and dutiful Daughter,

A. A. J. S.

November 1859 found Lord and Lady John in London, for the marriage of Lord Dalkeith and Lady Louisa Hamilton—the last time Lady John ever set foot in the town she liked so little. From there they went to Cawston ; and, leaving Lord John to follow in a day or two, she continued her journey to Spottiswood, where they were to spend Christmas. One of his attacks of gout came on ; but Lady John, not realizing in the least how ill he was, kept expecting him daily to join her. He got suddenly worse. She was summoned in haste, and only reached him a day or two before the end.¹ The Duke and Francis Cust were there already, and did everything in their power to help her.

¹ Lord John died 3rd January 1860.

My mother hurried off to her at once, but it was a terrible time, and her grief was beyond description. In spite of his constant illnesses she never seems to have realized she might lose him. For months she stayed on at Cawston, stunned and heart-broken. The Duke did all he could to soften the blow and to make as little change in her outward life as possible. Lord John having died childless, the Warwickshire property now passed to the Duke, but Cawston itself remained Lady John's dower-house, and he left her free to keep either or both of the Scottish places—Kirkbank and Caroline Park—which he had always lent them. What hurt her keenly, was having to part with some of the old servants. Jock Scott, Lord John's fisherman, whom he had taken as a mere lad, went to my uncle, Lord Haddington, and died as his pensioner at Longshaw in 1893. He invented the salmon-fly which bears his name. Robert Bell, Lord John's groom, "the boy whom he had bought for half-a-crown,"¹ went to Lord

¹ Lord John, once wanting to give a trifle to a poor woman, said to her in joke, "I will buy this boy of you for half-a-crown," putting down the money. Several years afterwards a lad appeared at the stables, saying he was "the boy his Lordship had bought for half-a-crown," and that he had come to fulfil his side of the bargain. He turned out a very good groom.

Walter Scott, but eventually returned to Lady John, and died in her service.

A letter to her mother shows how acutely she felt these changes, and how bitterly she resented well-meant but tactless interference :—

To Mrs Spottiswood.

Cawston,
11th July. (1860.)

My dear Mama,

Nina is at church. I *could not* go. There is no use trying to express the misery and desolation—it is impossible ; and Mr S., with his *snobbish* mind, has driven Robert Wilson (by the way he expressed his letter) to give up his place. I wrote in absolute despair to James Black to go to Kirkbank and see if he could undo what S.'s vulgarity of mind has done. I told him it was not a right letter when he showed it me. Of course, he has nothing to do with *your* household, and I can see that he has never been used to any but snobbish ones, not in *the least* understanding the ways of a gentlemanlike one, or the way a gentlemanlike *mind* speaks to and deals with servants. I feared *that* from what Lord John told me. I could hardly bear the sort of way he spoke to me of our old, faithful servants, of whom he knows and understands *nothing*! He said to me, in speaking of poor old Thomas,¹ “I'll tell you what I think of him—he is just a daidling body.” I looked as cold as I could, but I think his vulgarity is too deep to see anything. In short, I neither understand his ideas, his language, or his modes of action, and I am almost at my wits' end. I sent my letter to Black

¹ Their old French chef, who had lived with them many years.

by a parcel, so he'll get it to-day, and I *may* hear from him on Tuesday. He is both kind and sensible, and *not a snob*.

All you say about Spottiswood is very kind, and I am very grateful, and hope I shall be a great deal there ; but my crave is to have something *quite* my own, where I can work out of doors at woods, farm, etc., as we did here. I *may* perhaps be intended to go on the same here, but I am so afraid of anything and everything that I don't dare move or speak, and I cannot take any interest in a garden ; I never could or did ; it is far too small for me to care the least about.

My best love to Papa.

Your affectionate, dutiful Daughter, •

A. A. JOHN SCOTT.

James Black (the son of Mr Spottiswood's faithful old steward) succeeded in putting things right, and Robert Wilson ended his days in peace at Kirkbank, in company with Alex. Telfer, the keeper. The latter was a great character. In after years he always accompanied Lady John to the Highlands, walking behind her on her expeditions, carrying the basket and trowel, and the sketch-book, which were her invariable companions. Once at Dunrobin the late Duke of Sutherland good-naturedly sent him up to Ben Armine, that he might see a deer-forest. When he returned, Lady John said, "Well, Alex., what

did you think of it?" "'Deed, my lady, had I kenned there was sic a place up here, wad I hae wasted a' my days doun wi' you by yonder!" was the answer.

The affection with which his tenantry regarded Lord John found expression in the statue which they erected at Dunchurch to his memory. The unveiling of the statue, and the feeling displayed on all sides, gave great though melancholy pleasure to Lady John.

To Mrs Spottiswood.

Cawston,
31st August 1867.

The plot thickens. I have a letter from Dalkeith this morning. He is to be here this afternoon with his father. Francis and I looked over the address yesterday with the Committee, and he made a little alteration in it, which I approved; so it is gone to Mr Bloxam to be what lawyers call "engrossed" on vellum, and I have decided (not to be invidious) that the oldest tenant shall read it.

We had the large picture unpacked and hung up at the end of the large room; and it is like himself standing there. The few who have seen it were so overcome, you would scarcely think it. Even Stretton,¹ who *never* shows his feelings, cried! The almost adoration every one near here *has*—for it has not cooled in all these long years—for Lord John is overpowering. It gives me a bewildered feeling to hear and see

¹ The old gardener.

it all ; and the enthusiasm is just as if Monday were to bring him back to us ; but the *real* truth is that a little paint and a stone is all that we shall ever see more on earth of Lord John.

3rd September 1867.

I will begin from the beginning and tell you all about yesterday. It was a beautiful day. The large room was cleared out, and a flat wreath of laurel-leaves and flowers ran along the whole top of the panelling. At the upper end was a shield Or, with a Bend Azure, the crest on the top. "A Bellenden" and "Best Riding by Moonlight," and all round a wreath of flowers and evergreens ; and the whole, from the top of the shield to the roof, a pyramid of ferns and gladiolus.

The fireplace was a pyramid of greenhouse plants in pots ; the chimney-piece entirely covered with hothouse ferns and flowers. At the lower end of the room, and high up, was Frain's picture, framed in flat dark ivy, with variegated ivy wound all over the top, and scarlet gladiolus the whole way along the middle of the frame. It was quite beautiful ; and a chaplet of the prettiest flowers hung over it.

We all started about one o'clock, and the tenants met us at the beginning of Dunchurch. There was a raised place near the statue for all of us, done with flowers and carpet ; arches of evergreens and flowers and flags about the town. Harry Broomfield came on the platform and presented Address, and read it aloud, and then the Duke made a very nice speech, after which I asked him to tell them from me how much I felt their kindness, which he did very well indeed. Then the Duke, Dalkeith, and Francis went to the dinner at the Crown, and we came home ; and soon our forty tenants began to arrive. We received them in the corridor, dining-room, and library ; and in a little the three gentlemen

came back from Dunchurch, and the dinner was announced. It was *all excellent*.

The Duke sat in the middle of the cross-table, at the top, with Brierly on one side of him and Harry Broomfield on the other, and others beyond. Francis sat at the foot of one table and Dalkeith of the other. Mary, Fanny,¹ and I stood outside, and out of sight, to hear the speeches. They did very well. The Duke was terribly tired-afterwards, and had to go at ten o'clock. I don't think him well, but he was kindness itself, and said he would not have missed coming for anything. Dalkeith went this morning, the Gages also. Francis remains for a day or two to help me to redd up. I shall start either Thursday or Friday, and be at Spottiswood the next day.

Lady John kept on Caroline Park as long as old Scrymgeour, the gardener, lived; and she used to go constantly to Kirkbank, until the long tramps over the hills and up the glens of Cheviot became too much for her. But from the time of Lord John's death she made Spottiswood more and more her home; especially when the death of her brother Andrew left her the last of that happy band, which had played there together long ago. The Laird died in 1866 at the great age of eighty-seven, but with his mind and his faculties clear and active to the last. Only a short time before his death Lady John found him reading *Blackwood's Magazine*,

¹ Lady Mary Gage and her daughter.

with its then close print, quite unconscious that his spectacles were perched on the top of his head. He left Spottiswood to my great-grandmother for her life, and then to Lady John, before letting it pass to the descendants of his son Andrew. Thus, though in the course of her long life she saw those she loved, one by one, taken from her, she never knew the bitterness of leaving a beloved home, and of seeing only in dreams the spots that are dearest on earth. To a nature like hers this would have been drinking the cup of sorrow to its bitterest dregs,—and this she was spared. To the last, the wind-swept moors, the rushy fields, and far-reaching woods of her old home were hers, and latterly she never left them, except for her annual journey to the far north and her duty-dictated visits to Cawston.

Reading over an old letter of hers the other day, I came on such a characteristic passage. She wrote from Spottiswood, having just arrived from Cawston, and on the eve of departure to the Highlands: “I came from solitude, I arrived to solitude, and I go to solitude, but *Io pæan*, I am in Scotland again !”

This intense devotion to Scotland was one of

her strongest feelings. It occurs in her songs over and over again ; and in every-day life how often have I heard her say in joke—but a joke that covered a real truth,—“I would rather live in a pig-sty in Scotland than in a palace in England !” She was fond, in a way, of Cawston, from its associations with Lord John, and she did her duty by her dependents in Warwickshire most generously and ungrudgingly ; but leaving Scotland to go there, was always an effort, and, as it were, a task she set herself ; and, to the last, coming back to Spottiswood was the greatest joy she knew. I remember so well her saying once, as we drove back from Westruther by the Flass road, “Heaven won’t seem Heaven if I don’t see those benty fields and tufts of rushes there !” Dearly as she loved both the Highlands and the Cheviots, her deepest affections were centred in the glens and streams of Lammermuir.

Next to the love of Scotland came the love of her own people. Blood and kinship appealed to her far more strongly than did any ordinary friendship, and this feeling became intensified as years passed on, till latterly her affections and interests seldom reached beyond her own and Lord John’s

family circles. For them her affection never wavered. She loved having us round her and hated us to leave her. A letter is before me now, written within a few hours of my going away, which ends—

And now I am writing to you, to say how sorry I am, you are gone!—but I cannot get the length of the Highland woman, “Eh! woman! woman! I wish ye’d never comed!”

The Baillies of Mellerstain and the Pringles of Stichill were almost the only great friends that were not also relations, but they had been friends and neighbours from childhood, and to the last Lady John and Lady Aberdeen kept up the old intimacy, which only ended with Lady John’s death. She made an exception also for the Sutherland family; but the Duchess’s father, “Cromartie,” had been like a brother to herself and Lord John, and the Duchess and her children always called her “Aunt Alicia.” Till troubles gathered thick round Dunrobin, and everything became so changed, she went there every August on her way back from Caithness. She enjoyed those visits and the people she met, though at first she was apt to be very silent and *gênée* with strangers. She was very shy in general society—

curiously so, considering how much cleverer and more original she was than ninety-nine people out of a hundred. But after Lord John's death she felt very forlorn at going anywhere by herself, and shrank into her shell. As long as he was there to back her up, nobody had enjoyed society more, or shone in it more brilliantly ; and to the last, in her home, with her own people round her, no one could be more amusing. She had the keenest sense of humour, the readiest wit, and delighted in a passage of arms, even though the laugh might go against herself. She never resented a fair attack, but she generally had the best of it. She was a clever caricaturist, and never tired of making fun of any subject that hit her fancy, till her victims occasionally accused her of being merciless. Nothing pleased her more than a mystification or a practical joke, even at her own expense, and she would be the first to laugh at it. To children she was half fairy godmother, half the most delightful of companions. As long as they were plucky, and spoke the truth, she never minded what they did. She had no small fidgets about torn clothes, wet feet, getting into mischief, or being late for lessons. No wonder we adored her, and thought going out

with her the greatest of treats. She was as keen about everything as we were, and her wonderful imagination made her stories unlike any others. She never talked down to children, but always took for granted that whatever she was interested in, we cared about too. She was very fond of repeating poetry, and many a speech from Shakespeare or from Pope's *Iliad* we learnt from her lips. Then she had a way of originating the most delightful surprises. At Caroline Park, a message would arrive mysteriously that a ship had been wrecked in the Firth, and its cargo washed up on the rocks below the house. Off we would dash, to find that the rocks were indeed strewn with every sort of treasure—books, work-cases, knives, and curiosities of every kind. Another day the report would be that Granton Castle was held by robbers; and when we had fought our way in, and dispersed the enemy (her servants disguised), it was to find that in their hasty flight they had left untold treasures in the vaults and dungeons. I don't quite know how much we believed it all, but there was a hazy air of romance about the whole thing, and the gifts received in this way gave far more pleasure than most people's humdrum presents.

III.

My first recollections of Lady John begin soon after Lord John's death. I see her walking down the Lady's Walk at Spottiswood, with her scarlet shawl pinned closely over her shoulders, and wearing doeskin gloves with vandyked gauntlets, copied from a hawking glove of Queen Mary's. The outward signs of mourning said very little to her : she never wore crape or a widow's cap ; and, though her gown might very likely be black, she wore any shawl that happened to be handy. She could not bear the idea that, because anyone was dead, they were no longer part of her life, and must be shut out of sight ; and she never wilfully did anything to break the continuity between the days that had been and the days that were now. The feeling that the last page was turned and the book put away on the shelf, was abhorrent to her, and she would make any excuse to avoid it. Whenever Lord John had been away from her on any of his cruises, she had been in the habit of writing journal letters to him, though often he never got them till his return ; and after his death, as long as she kept a journal at all, she went on keeping it in the same

form. At Cawston his hats and sticks lay in the hall for forty years after his death, just as they had lain during his lifetime ; and at Spottiswood his dressing-room remained exactly as he had left it, till the remodelling of the upper storey altered those rooms. But there was no morbidness in this clinging to the past : she would give away anything of his to us, or to anyone else to whom it might be a pleasure ; and, though her mother's rooms at Spottiswood were kept ready, as if she might come back at any moment, it never prevented her from letting us use them. She always talked freely of those who were gone, quoted their sayings, and was as much guided by their likings and approval as if they were still here.

As years crept on, the past became more and more to her, and she loved to dwell on it and to tell us stories of old days ; and then, as the end drew nearer, more and more she looked forward to the meeting with those she had loved and lost long long ago. *Non amittitur, sed præmittitur*, were the words she had inscribed over my grandmother's picture ; and on the sun-dial, which she placed in the garden at Cawston in memory of Lord John, was the motto, *United in Time ; Parted in Time ;*

To be reunited when Time shall be no more. These words express exactly what she felt. All through her poems, and especially in those of the last few years, the same thought recurs. Religion had never been an empty form to her, or any of hers. Her own faith was warm and strong. She had been brought up, and always remained, a member of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, but at Spottiswood she went regularly to the Established Church at Westruther. She was particular that her household should attend church regularly, and a cart used to be provided on Sundays for any of the older women on the place, for whom the two-mile walk to Westruther was too far. But there was no narrowness in her views, and any English servants were always sent at Christmas and Easter to the Episcopal Church at Kelso. She herself always spent Christmas and Easter at Dalkeith or Bowhill, wherever her brother-in-law, the Duke, might be. After his death she came to us for Christmas. Then latterly she never left Spottiswood, except for her yearly visit to Cawston, or for the holiday in the Highlands, which was her great delight.

From 1870—the year that she lost her mother—to the summer preceding her own death, she went

every year to Thurso. Most people think it an uninteresting little town. Not a tree relieves the flat, cultivated country lying round it; but the air suited her. She loved bathing in the strong salt seas of the Pentland Firth, and she delighted in the bold coast-line. Every summer her sketch-books were filled with fresh views of Scrabster, Dunnet Head, and Sinclair Bay, her favourite resorts. In the Thurso fly she explored the country from Duncansby Head in the east to Cape Wrath in the far west, sleeping in the little inns on her way. The many prehistoric remains that are scattered about Caithness interested her greatly, and I don't believe there was a Pict's house within twenty miles of Thurso she had not visited.

To Miss Augusta Spottiswood. (1881.)

There is a farm some few miles from Thurso, of which Miss Sinclair of Forss is proprietor. I heard of something curious there, and went to make enquiries. The farmer's son showed me a large raised piece of ground at the top of a field, not at all amounting to a Tumulus, but looking like some acres of ground higher than the top of the field. He said that the year before, a horse and cart were being led across this, when suddenly the horse's legs went deep down, and so did the cart wheels. When they extricated them,

they had a dig to see what had sunk, and they found that some large flag-stones had slipped aside, which covered a hole, which turned out to be a staircase. They cleared out ten or eleven steps, and saw the entrance to a passage, but did not go in for fear of bad air. All the lower part of this raised ground they found to be an immense kitchen midden. They said they had taken several hundred cartloads to manure the land, and in carting the stuff out, they had found a curious stone weapon, which somebody stole,—a massive gold ring, which the farmer's wife was wearing,—and a “very clear kind of stone, the size and shape of an egg,” which the farmer's son gave to a friend of his who had gone to New Zealand!—every one of these things being the property of Miss Sinclair, to whom they had never mentioned the place. They said they could not afford to examine it farther, but if I liked to do it they gave me free leave, and would get me workmen. They dug off the turf and stones to show me the staircase, and I think it is most curious.

To Miss Warrender.

Thurso, 28th July 1883.

I got Mr Joass ¹ to come at last, on Wednesday night, and we began the exploration of Oust early on Thursday morning. We cleared out the steps of the underground place. There were nine steps, then a broken piece, and then another step cut out of the rock. The stair was winding, and the walls most beautifully built. The chamber it led to was very small; eleven feet four down. There were some large flat stones near it which we lifted; when, behold, there was another staircase, wider and longer than that in

¹ The minister of Golspie, a noted antiquary.

the first place. It also was built beautifully, with the sort of roof over the stairs you see at Skaill. It led to a large chamber, fifteen feet under ground. The only things found were bones—deer's and all other sorts, deer's horns, broken pottery, a quern, some rubber stones, etc. We were there again all day yesterday. We found two semi-circular walls, which made us sure it was a Broch; but suddenly they came close together and stopped; so Mr Joass cannot make it out. He was obliged to go away to-day, which is a great pity. I wished them to open a part of the surface near the two staircases, which I thought looked promising; and under it we found a cist, with part of a human skull and bones. Also they have begun to discover a low vaulted passage from the outside. It is very curious, and very exciting.

From Thurso she went many times to Orkney, and twice to Shetland; and the interest she took in these far-away islands showed itself in very practical ways. Having been told that the Fair Islanders suffered greatly under the "Truck" system, she fitted out and gave them a schooner, the *Deasil*, big enough to carry their fish to the markets at Kirkwall and Lerwick. Many years after, I heard that, thanks to the independent footing on which this gift had placed them, the old tyranny had been swept away, and much happier times had come to the Fair Isle.

There being no fences in Orkney, and very few in the more inland districts of Caithness, the sheep

and cattle are herded by the women and children ; the women generally with their knitting in their hands, the children doing nothing. Having noticed this, Lady John began tying up packets of books—generally a story-book with some hymns and devotional readings in large print—and taking them out in the carriage with her. As she drove along, she threw them from the window to these patient watchers. The books were dearly prized ; and children would come running from far at the sight of her carriage, in hopes of a packet. I don't think she ever went into a cottage without leaving a book of some sort behind her, to say nothing of other gifts. No one was more generous to the poor, or more thoughtful in her generosity ; and though her own dependents came first, her charity reached very far, and went into all sorts of unexpected by-ways. She had a great pity for idiots, or for any whose deformities of mind and body set them, as it were, aside from their fellow-creatures, and she had no personal shrinking from them. Had it not been for the remonstrances of her bailiff, she was quite prepared to give a house, and indeed had written the letter offering it, to the poor man with the elephant head.

who died, eventually, in the London Hospital, and whose story woke her liveliest pity. Had he come, she would have visited him as regularly as she did all her poorer neighbours.

It is very difficult in a slight sketch like this to give any idea of her wit and originality, and of the amusing things she said and did, without conveying a wrong impression. Related by themselves, such stories would suggest great eccentricity, whereas in their proper setting, as part of her daily life, they were the expression of a keen sense of humour, joined to a strong and vigorous personality. She was not eccentric. She was too honest, too straightforwardly simple, and too dignified ; but she held decided views on most subjects, and she always had the courage of her opinions. I never met any one more indifferent to the opinion of the world in general. She had no patience with shams or affectations of any kind ; but though her own vigorous health sometimes made her hard on what she called "mollycoddling," nobody could be kinder or more thoughtful in any real illness or suffering. Strangers often thought her alarming ; but that was partly caused by her own shyness. Those who were not afraid of her, got on with her at once.

She had one quality which would have marked her out from anyone else, had it not been so peculiarly a part of herself, that one ceased to notice it. For want of a better name I must call it "good taste," though that does not convey half of what I mean. It was a peculiar sense of proportion, or of the fitness of things, which showed itself in every action. If she laid out a garden, if she planned a walk winding through a wood, if she designed the setting for a jewel, or the frame of a picture—even down to a little thing like choosing wall paper,—in every instance she had the knack of hitting on exactly the right thing. Her ideas were so original, that the same result would never have been attained by anyone else ; and yet when the thing was finished, you could not imagine its existence in any other or better form. The curious part of it was that she could so impress her ideas on others that, with very little apparent exertion on her side, she got exactly the effect she wanted. The same sense of the fitness of things followed her everywhere. She never made a *mal à propos* remark ; and though her dress might be old-fashioned, and very simple in kind, her shawl was drawn round her shoulders, and her little black

ribbon bow knotted beneath her chin, with a distinction which belonged to her alone.

Born and brought up amongst those, to whom loyalty to the Stuarts had meant exile and personal loss, she was a Jacobite to the backbone. As a child, she had talked with those who had talked with Prince Charles face to face ; and all the ardent loyalty of her nature went out to her exiled kings. The natural turn of her mind, as well as her early associations, led her to dwell on the past ; and her imagination reconstructed it so vividly, that it was the same feeling of personal loyalty to the Prince which impelled her grandfather to risk everything in his service, that with her found voice in her songs. All her life she had treasured up everything connected with the Royal House—pictures, prints, books, and personal relics. By a fortunate chance, and thanks to my uncle, Lord Haddington's intervention, Lord John and she had been able to buy, in Rome, jewels and arms which had belonged to the three last Stuart kings, from the Abbati family, to whom they had been left by Henry IX. Amongst these were Prince Charles's wedding ring, also his father's, as well as other personal souvenirs of the greatest interest

and value. It seems almost paradoxical to say that, with all this ardent devotion to the Stuarts, and hatred of their Hanoverian supplanters, the Queen had no more loyal subject, were it not that the Queen herself was almost as strong in her Jacobite leanings as Lady John.

Her love for things of the past existed from her childhood, when she used to collect and write down the traditionary songs and stories told her in the cottages at Spottiswood. Many an old song and tune were thus rescued from oblivion. Old customs lingered under her protecting care long after they had disappeared everywhere else. The corn was always cut with a shearing hook at Spottiswood, and I can even remember having seen it threshed with flails in the big barn. I have already spoken of her love for archæology. In the Eagle Hall she had gathered together a good collection of local antiquities from clay urns and flint arrow-heads down to beautifully wrought bronze axes and spear-heads. The knowledge that she would always reward the finder of anything curious, saved many a thing which would otherwise have been tossed aside and lost; and kept up the interest of the country-side in antiquities, long

before local societies for that purpose were thought of. Her memory was stored with sayings she had picked up from the old folk in Lammermuir. "I wuss ye may be Laird o' your word" (I wish you may have the power to do as you say.) "It's dune 'or ye bade" (anticipating one's wish by excessive willingness and alertness.) "If March comes in wi' an Ether's (Adder's) head, it will gang out wi' a Paycock's tail," were among those she constantly quoted; while her favourite motto, "Haud fast by the past" expresses her better than pages of description.

She was a great reader, and blessed with a retentive memory; but she was by no means omnivorous in her choice. History and travels were what she liked best, especially travels in the Arctic regions, or in the East. Then came scientific books, particularly any dealing with her favourite subject, archæology; also books on gypsies, folk-lore, superstitions, or any of the curious by-ways of knowledge. She rarely read a novel, unless it was historical; and then it required to be written by some one of the same way of thinking as herself. When, by a rare chance, she did take a fancy to a novel, she liked

it very much. If she was tired, or not well, she would refresh herself with one of Sir Walter's ; and to the end of her life she went back to the Waverley Novels with fresh and unending delight. *The Antiquary* was perhaps her favourite ; and she often quoted old Elspeth's death scene as one of the finest pieces of tragedy that had ever been written. She was a great lover of poetry, and knew so much by heart, and cared for so many different poems, that it is difficult to say she liked one special poet better than another, though I think Byron gave her most pleasure. Few or none of the later poets of the nineteenth century appealed to her. She found them obscure and confused ; and even when their thoughts were beautiful, their language and rhythm did not fulfil her idea of poetry. She liked things to be simple and direct. That is what her own songs are. All her life it had come easy to her to clothe her thoughts in verse. Her own and her sister's copy-books were full of childish songs and poems ; and in later life, as will be seen by the verses in this volume, poetry was often the outlet for her deepest and strongest feelings. Her verse, like her music, was as spontaneous as the song of the bird on the

bough. "It came to me and I wrote it down," was generally her answer when asked about any special song.

No one was more humble about her own performances. She was so unfeignedly pleased if anyone liked a song she had made, and she was always willing to give it away. Her dislike of publicity was the reason so few were printed in her lifetime. *Annie Laurie* appeared anonymously in 1838, without either her knowledge or permission. Lady John always thought the air and words had been stolen when she sent her music-book to be re-bound. The song was attributed to various people; and it was only when after the Crimean War, she gave the MS., with several others, to Lonsdale, to publish for the benefit of the widows and orphans of soldiers, that the real author was known. Some more were published later for another charity; but at her death most of her songs were still in the original MS. She copied with her own hand a complete set for the late Lord Napier and Ettrick. They had been friends for many many years, and his last letter, written only a few months before his death, shows how he valued that friendship.

From Lord Napier and Ettrick.

Thirlestane, Selkirk,

1st August. (1898.)

My Dear Alicia,

I am not fond of functions and speeches, and now I am old and "failed," and such things are a burden to me. But the people in this country are very kind and good to Nina and myself, and so I make an effort to help them in that way when I can. So I undertook the inauguration of the Shepherd's Memorial, and got through with some pains, and was very glad when it was over. But now it is all turned to honour and delight. I do assure you that I would rather please you than any one living in the world, and you have said that you were pleased. I did not know that you regarded the Shepherd's works with so much favour. I wish he were alive to know it. But perhaps he did know it when still alive. I remember when "Cam' ye by Athole" was a favourite in the Scottish Drawing-room, but how few knew that it was written by the poor Shepherd! "When the Kye comes Hame" belonged rather to the cottage or the farmer's ingle. "Lock the door, Lariston," is also a gallant ditty. I was glad to find not long since that Minto knew it by heart, and I think one of his boys is called Lariston! That reminds me of a freedom that I have taken with your name, and that I would not have ventured to mention, were it not for your flattering notice of my speech. Not long since, George Elliot published an Elliot history, a handsome family record of the name and race. Arthur asked me to review it in the *Edinburgh*, which I did for the sake of the old name, and the house in which I have had a cordial welcome for three generations. In my article I had occasion to notice Miss *Jean*, and, in connection with her, the lovely line of Scottish ladies who have cherished the National muse. That line concludes

with your dear sister and yourself. You have never seen my article, for you do not read the "Blue and the Yellow," which the Ettrick Shepherd banned in a forgotten song. But if the subject has any interest for you, you will find my article in the *Edinburgh Review* of April last.¹ I would like to have said a great deal more, but I was afraid if you saw it you might be displeased, for I know you are averse to publicity and literary fame.

The hills and the trees were never so lovely as they are this year.

We have had a great deal of anxiety and distress in these last months. But we are now more at rest. Nina has often been ill, but is not ill now; and we hope to spend the coming winter in Italy.

Accept once more the affectionate regards of one who has been attached to you since the year 1832—66 years!

NAPIER AND ETTRICK.

Many years ago Lady John made a very complete collection of old Scotch songs and tunes for her brother-in-law, the Duke; probably the most complete collection that exists. He was as much interested in everything of the kind as was she. They had many tastes in common; and from the first days of her marriage she found in him the

¹ "Last of all come two sisters, representatives of the House of Spottiswoode, in the Merse, known of old for loyalty and learning. But of Lady John Scott and Lady Hume Campbell it may be remarked that they joined the faculties of poetical and musical composition with the gift of song, endowments never before united in the person of any one of their predecessors."—"A Scottish Border Clan."—*Edinburgh Review*, April 1898.

kindest of brothers-in-law, and the most patient of friends. Lord John and the Duke were so fond of each other that, while Lord John lived, he and Lady John spent nearly as much time at Bowhill and Drumlanrig, as in their own home. When Lord John was dying, the Duke hurried to Cawston, and took everything on his own shoulders, so as to help Lady John in every possible way. From that hour he was the person she always turned to for advice and help on every emergency. He died at Bowhill in 1884, after a short illness, brought on by a chill. Lady John was then at Spottiswood ; and with her usual dread of giving trouble or being in the way, refused to go and stay at Bowhill. At the same time she was too anxious and unhappy to sit at home waiting for telegrams : so day after day, in that cold, sad March, she used to drive to Bowhill, getting there about midday ; and then setting off again at night, after dinner, on her twenty-five mile drive home.

To Miss Warrender.

Spottiswood, 12th March 1884.

Half-past ten (p.m.)

I have just come from Bowhill. The Duke is a *shade* better. I am going back at half-past seven to-morrow morn-

ing. They wished me to remain, but I thought it better to come home at night—there are so many there—and Henry and Walter are coming to-morrow. Charlie came yesterday. It is such a mercy that Gull can stay till Tuesday. Whatever some people may think of him as a doctor, they say he is the best nurse in the world ; makes the Duke more comfortable than anyone, and thinks of so many things that he likes, and that add to his comfort.

Bowhill, 13th March.

I came here very early, in time for the Morning Service. I fear there is no hope. Gull, I see, has none, nor Dalkeith, nor Schomberg. It was *so* sad. At the Sacrament, it was taken out to the Duke and his daughters ; and all, but Dalkeith and Charlie who were with him, joined in the Chapel, tho' we could only imagine him taking it with us.

I will write to-morrow morning from Spottiswood.

Spottiswood, 14th March.

I did not leave Bowhill till between seven and eight last night, and I was a *little* happier. I thought Gull's last report, if anything, better ; and Schomberg, who had been sitting with the Duke, thought him stronger than he expected. Henry and Walter had not come, and we hope so very much they will not, Henry, especially, who is not yet by any means recovered from his second attack of pleurisy ; he would be laid up to a certainty, and no one else could do any good. Victoria, Margaret, and Mary, Dalkeith and Charles, are *always* some of them with him, and the Duchess is perpetually in and out, and sitting with him. They wish me not to come home at night, but I am sure it is better, and it does not tire me at all. My cold is gone, and

I cannot think of anything, but this terrible illness of the Duke.

“When the mind’s free,
The body’s delicate ; the tempest in my mind
Does from my senses take all feeling else,
But what beats there.”

I shall stay at home to-day, unless some summons should come ; and go back to Bowhill to-morrow.

Spottiswood, 16th March.

I came back last night. There was no change. I went to see him yesterday ; he is *dreadfully* thin, but not changed (I thought) otherwise. We had a very short service just before luncheon, not out of the Prayer-book, but prayers especially for the Duke, which was a comfort. Henry came, and is not the worse, I am glad to say ; and his wife came to take care of him. Louisa Dalkeith came also, and John to travel down with her. Dalkeith looks utterly worn out, with grief. Margaret looked a little better yesterday. I shall go there again early to-morrow. I *cannot* rest away from Bowhill ; but by coming back at night, I can do things that are wanted here. A letter from *any one of you* is just the small drop of comfort in my day.

The Duke died on the 16th of March, a date of fateful significance in her life’s story—her mother’s birthday, her own wedding day, and the day on which she herself was laid to rest.

Besides the grief it caused her, the Duke’s death was a great loss in every way. He had never been too busy to answer her letters by the

next post, or to go into any question that was worrying her; and, all alone as she was, with the cares of a big property on her hands, she constantly needed help. She was too imaginative to be practical; and, in spite of her native shrewdness, she was never a good woman of business. Her great kindness of heart, and her dislike to think badly of anyone she had known for a long time, made it easy to deceive her; and though she could be very masterful in her management, and was always determined to have things as she liked them, she was often taken in, and even robbed. After the Duke's death she leaned more on Colonel Cust's advice than on any other; but she was very independent, and generally settled things for herself.

Her days at Spottiswood were always full. After breakfast she interviewed her various underlings—bailiff, keeper, grieve, etc. Then there was always work of some kind waiting for her out-of-doors: either plantations that required thinning, or (after the big "blow-down" of '81) woods that needed re-planting, crops and stock to inspect—for she always had two farms in her own hands,—and endless poor or sick people to visit. Twice a year

she went through the cottages belonging to every farm on the estate ; and the way she remembered the people, their moves, and their different histories and relationships, was extraordinary. To her own people round Spottiswood she was the kindest of mistresses, and the pleasantest of neighbours, sitting for hours by their firesides talking over all sorts of mutual interests. Hardly a day passed in later years that she could not be seen, wrapped in her red shawl, and followed by her pet deer "Luath"—which she had brought as a fawn from Dunrobin,—wending her way to the Mill or to Eastside. Weather made very little difference to her. She enjoyed the wind and the rain dashing in her face ; and till she was forbidden to run the risk of catching bad colds, never thought of staying indoors.

I never knew anyone who loved the open air so entirely. Till quite within the last few years of her life she always breakfasted out of doors whenever it was possible—generally in a summer-house in the garden. She once had a very narrow escape there. The lamp beneath the coffee upset, and the blazing spirits-of-wine fell on a floor made of little round sections of fir-wood, very dry, and

very inflammable. She was pinned in behind a heavy table, and quite alone; but with the greatest coolness, she poured the hot milk on the flames and put them out; and only afterwards discovered a big hole scorched in her dress. What she loved doing was to start for a long day on the hills, driving so far, then walking over rough bits, perhaps exploring a glen too steep and narrow for the carriage, then rejoining it later, having a pic-nic tea, and never minding what time of night she got home again. In this way she had been over the whole of Lammermuir and the Moorfoot Hills from Spottiswood, and the Cheviots from Kirkbank; but the following extracts from letters to her mother give a better idea of these expeditions, and her delight in them, than any words of mine.

To Mrs Spottiswood.

Kirkbank, 27th May 1868.

I always meant to have Walter.¹ No other post-boy knows the Cheviots as he does, and can climb over the hills between one road and another; and no springs but those of his Clarence would stand the tracks he follows. He arrived last night, and I mean to look into some camps off Rule Water. I have generally gone right up Rule Water, and

¹ Walter Park, the old Post-boy at Whiteburn.

out to the hills beyond, but I mean to turn off to the west at Bedrule Mill to-day; and I know of two towers and three camps up there. Then I intend to come down off the hills upon the other side of Ruberslaw; and if it is a place that is allowed to be seen (I shall ask at the Lodge), I want to drive through Cavers and have a look at it, as I never was close up at it, only having seen it riding into Liddesdale, the Wolfelee road, formerly with Lord John. If the wind goes down a little, I shall very likely go to the top of Ruberslaw, to see the old station there, which I suppose to be aboriginal, and like that on the Dunion.

28th.

Nothing can prevent my having been on the topmost peak of Ruberslaw, for I was there yesterday. A very long, steep, craggy pull it is from the Wells Avenue, but the view is so beautiful it is worth the trouble. I found the old camp and castles I wanted, on the Rule Water, and I once more walked through Wells, which I still think is about the prettiest place in the whole south of Scotland. The Rule Water is lovely from one end to the other, such fine natural wood and rocks. The *trees* at Wells are magnificent, and look even larger than I remember them. It is no exaggeration to say the oaks, beech, ash, and sycamore are gigantic! Such a straight avenue of hugh beech, and such splendid avenues of lime! and then, that lovely bowling-green! I had a look at a curious old place of Lord Sinclair's. "Green Binns." I had ridden past it before, but that was all. An old tall white house, something like Blair, in a glen three times as deep and precipitous as Carolside, the whole banks covered with *immense* fine old trees; only a farmer living in it! Then we went round by Kirkton, and I got to Cavers, which I had a great wish to go through, for the sake

of the good Lord James, the Black Douglas, etc. etc. They said we might go, so we did. Everything pales after Wells, but it is a *very* pretty place too, and there is a great deal of large fine wood, and a beautiful look from the house down a straight avenue to Pendheugh, but it is all neglected and untidy. Why in the world is it that trees grow large everywhere but in Berwickshire? How I wish you had been of the drive yesterday; you would have admired it all so much, and we had good roads to drive on. What warm, beautiful weather it is.

2nd June 1868.

I thought I would give myself one day more in the hills, to make up the three. I had the greatest wish to find those Druidical remains that Francis and I failed in two years ago. So I drove to Kirk Newton, and there Mr Thomson, the farmer (he used to have Mindrum), came up to me, and I asked him about the Druids' Circle. He said he knew of none; and it must be the remains on Yavering Bell. None of the people we asked knew anything of it, so we drove on to Old Yavering, where I got out, and sent the carriage back to Kirk Newton. I saw the remains of the Palace of the old Kings of Northumberland, now built into a herd's house; and then walked up Yavering Burn, which is very pretty, and all blazing with whin and broom on the banks. I had, as usual, Alex. for my protector, and Di. for decorum.¹ We walked right to the top of Yavering Bell, a magnificent hill, and covered with most curious remains. If you can fancy a gigantic Harefaulds, it is that. The wall of stones is not less than a mile round, at the crown of the hill, and all full of hut circles, and the great area inside is a perfect town of hut circles, quite clear and distinct. You see over the

¹ Alex. Telfer, her keeper; and Diana, old Robert Wilson's daughter.

whole country. I saw Ford, and Flodden, and Copeland, and Ewart, and all the North Road places one knows so well. The whole S.E. side of the hill is one mass of hut circles, ramparts, walls, and mounds. Still, this was *not* the Druids' circles I had hoped to find. We walked over the next hill, and came down on the great wide, beautiful valley of the Colledge Water. All the rocky, craggy hills on each side are a straggling forest of natural wood, but *such* natural wood! Miles and miles of immense, old, twisted, gnarled thorns, all white with blossom; and some a mass of old ivy, with stems like the trunk of a tree. Every now and then a great holly; and among and between these beautiful trees, hut circles, old ramparts, etc. Whin, a perfect blaze of gold, growing in great bushes like trees, more than double one's height; beautiful forests of fern of all kinds; wild flowers in quantities. Then every now and then a little steep, deep glen, with a burn dashing over the rocks, runs up among the great rocky sides of the hills, the banks all dotted over with huge old oaks and thorns. On the opposite hill is part of the great old Forest of Cheviot, some hundred acres of old, natural oak-wood stretching to the top crags of the hill. Well, we were threading our way down the steep hill-side, among the old thorns, when, looking downwards, what should I see but something like this [rough sketch] in the distance,—and I knew I had found my long-coveted Druid's Circle. We started off for it, and I found a most curious Druidical place—two circles (like Avebury) and a huge oblong square taking both of them in. Oh, dear! how delighted I was! I drew it, and made Alex. step the square, and it was nearly 376 yards.

At last we went down to the Linns of the Colledge Water—such rocks and waterfalls and deep, dark pools—quite beautiful, and swarming with trout. As far as you can see the winding of this lovely glen up among the hills, you see

the remains of the old Primeval Forests of Cheviot. How I *wish* you could see it. I never yet had such a beautiful walk. It was getting late, so we had to go down the Colledge Water to join the carriage at Kirk Newton. I had to go in for a minute and do the civil to Mrs Thomson. They were very kind to me, and she had a cup of tea ready for me. I got home to dinner here at eleven o'clock ! and I can write no more till afternoon, as the post is going, but I thought I must tell you about this charming day. I will write by the afternoon's post on all sublunary matters.

One never knew in what unexpected part of the country one might meet Lady John driving in the Whiteburn postchaise, with old Walter Park riding postilion. This was her favourite way of travelling. She felt perfectly independent, as, whenever occasion required, she could pick up a fresh pair of horses at the nearest inn ; and I have constantly known her get over fifty or sixty miles of country before reaching home. These long drives never tired her. Whatever the time of year, she always took her sealskin muff¹ and a sketch-book with her.

¹ Her sealskin muff—so worn, that it had become a golden-brown—was very characteristic of her. She was never without it. I remember her once leaving it behind her in "Queen Helen's" house at Yetholm. We had hardly settled ourselves by "Queen Esther's" fire—her next visit,—when the rival Gypsy Queen burst in like a whirlwind, flung the muff in her face, saying, "Here, Scatterbrains, here is your beautiful muff !" and vanished ; much to Lady John's amusement.

She drew very cleverly, and, though her sketches were often little more than a few strokes of the pencil and a dash of colour, they always recalled the spirit of the place. Both she and Lord John had the habit of illustrating their letters with rough pen-and-ink drawings, Lord John's being always most amusing caricatures.

A year or two before her death she sprained her ankle very badly, and from that time she walked with two sticks. Otherwise, considering her great age, she was wonderfully active. She never would give in. Her rooms were at the top of the house, up seven flights of steep stairs, but nothing would induce her to let herself be carried up. To the last few days of her life she was up at seven every morning enjoying her cold bath, on which in winter she often boasted she had to break the ice. Her old age was full of dignity. She was very brave and very uncomplaining. Her spirit was keen and alert as ever; so that the trial of not being able to go here and there, and walk about as she had been used to do, must have been very great; but she seldom spoke of it, and she never murmured. In the same way, if she was ill, she bore it in silence. When the war broke out in

1899 she followed its fortunes with the deepest interest, but with many forebodings. She remembered too many former wars in South Africa not to realize the gravity of the struggle. It brought a great sorrow to her in General Wauchope's death. She had always been very fond of him ; and of the younger generation of cousins he was the one most like her in ideas—with the same intense devotion to Scotland and his home. She rejoiced when Lord Roberts was sent out : he was the only soldier of modern times for whom she had any real admiration. All her military enthusiasms went back to the Duke of Wellington, or to the heroes of the mutiny ; and she was generally inclined to compare the present unfavourably with the past.

The early days of 1900 found her wonderfully well, but, as she was apt after the slightest chill to develop a bad cough, the doctor kept her indoors as much as possible. It was a very cold spring, and in the beginning of March influenza broke out at Spottiswood. It ran through the house. She caught it, and, owing to her great age, she had not strength to throw it off. She was only ill a few days. On Friday the 9th of March she was still in her sitting-room. Early on Monday the 12th she

passed peacefully away; and on the sixty-fourth anniversary of her wedding-day, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, we laid her at rest in the Old Kirk at Westruther.

MARGARET WARRENDER.

April 1911.



Westruther Kirk.

PLACES

DURISDEER ¹

WE'LL meet nae mair at sunset, when the weary
day is dune,

Nor wander hame thegither, by the lee licht o' the
mune !

I'll hear your step nae longer amang the dewy
corn,

For we'll meet nae mair, my bonniest, either at eve
or morn.

The yellow broom is waving, abune the sunny brae,
And the rowan berries dancing, where the sparkling
waters play.

¹ " Durisdeer was a place at Drumlanrig that I always had a great fancy for. I made the song, I daresay, a year or two after I was married " (Letter from Lady John to Lord Napier).

Tho' a' is bright and bonnie, it's an eerie place to
me,

For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by
burn or tree.

Far up into the wild hills, there's a kirkyard auld
and still,

Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the mists
hang low and chill,

And there ye sleep in silence, while I wander here
my lane,

Till we meet ance mair in Heaven, never to part
again !

O MURMURING WATERS

O MURMURING waters !

Have ye no message for me ?

Ye come from the hills of the west,

Where his step wanders free.

Did he not whisper my name ?

Did he not utter one word ?

And trust that its sound o'er the rush

Of thy streams might be heard.

O murmuring waters !

The sounds of the moorlands I hear,

The scream of the her'n and the eagle,

The bell of the deer.

The rustling of heather and fern,
The shiver of grass on the lea,
The sigh of the wind from the hill,
Have ye no voice for me?

O murmuring waters !
Flow on, ye have no voice for me—
Bear the wild songs of the hills
To the depths of the sea.
Bright stream from the founts of the west,
Rush on, with thy music and glee.
O to be borne to my rest
In the cold waves with thee !

ETTRICK

WHEN we first rade down Ettrick,
Our bridles were ringing, our hearts were dancing,
The waters were singing, the sun was glancing,
An' blithely our voices rang out thegither,
As we brushed the dew frae the blooming heather,
When we first rade down Ettrick.

When we next rade down Ettrick,
The day was dying, the wild birds calling,
The wind was sighing, the leaves were falling,
An' silent an' weary, but closer thegither,
We urged our steeds thro' the faded heather,
When we next rade down Ettrick.

When I last rade down Ettrick,
The winds were shifting, the storm was waking,
The snow was drifting, my heart was breaking,
For we never again were to ride thegither,
In sun or storm on the mountain heather,
When I last rade down Ettrick.

LAMMERMUIR

O WILD and stormy Lammermuir !

Would I could feel once more,
The cold north wind, the wintry blast,
That sweeps thy mountains o'er !
Would I could see thy drifted snow,
Deep, deep in cleuch and glen ;
And hear the scream of the wild birds,
And be free on thy hills again !

I hate this dreary southern land !

I weary day by day
For the music of thy many streams
In the birchwoods far away.

From all I love they banish me,
But my thoughts they cannot chain ;
And *they* bear me back, wild Lammermuir,
To thy distant hills again.

THE COMIN' O' THE SPRING.

THERE'S no a muir in my ain land but's fu' o' sang
the day,

Wi' the whaup, and the gowden plover, and the
lintie upon the brae.

The birk in the glen is springin', the rowan-tree
in the shaw,

And every burn is rinnin' wild wi' the meltin' o'
the snaw.

The wee white cluds in the blue lift are hurryin'
light and free,

Their shadows fleein' on the hills, where I, too,
fain wad be ;

The wind frae the west is blawin', and wi' it seems
to bear

The scent o' the thyme and gowan thro' a' the
caller air.

The herd doon the hillside's linkin'. O licht his
heart may be

Whose step is on the heather, his glance ower muir
and lea !

On the Moss are the wild ducks gatherin', whar
the pules like diamonds lie,

And far up soar the wild geese, wi' weird, unyirdly
cry.

In mony a neuk the primrose lies hid frae stranger
e'en,

An' the broom on the knowes is wavin' wi' its
cludin o' gowd and green ;
Ower the first green sprigs o' heather, the muir-
fowl faulds his wing,
And there's nought but joy in my ain land at the
comin' o' the Spring !

A LAMMERMUIR LILT ¹

HAPPY is the crow
That builds its nest on Trottenshaw,
An' drinks o' the waters o' Dye ;
For nae mair may I !

Blythe may the muir-cock crow
On the moors abune Scaurlaw,
'Mang the heather blooms he'll flee ;
But there nae mair will I be !

It's wae for the plovers that big
On the bonnie leas o' Whinrigg,

¹ First verse traditional.

An' whistle on the Rawburn stane ;
But I'll never be there again !

The hare may rin merry eneuch
On the braes o' Horsupcleuch,
Where the broom grows lang and fair ;
But I'll never see it mair !

Blest are the trout whose doom
In the Water o' Watch to soom,
An' in the Twinlaw Ford to play ;
But awa frae it I maun gae.

The tod may be happier still,
On the back o' the Twinlaw hill,
'Mang the bonnie moss-hags to hide
But there I maunna bide !

KILPAULET BRAE ¹

I HAVE seen the last wave of the plume in her cap
Vanish over the brae ;

I have heard the last ring of her horse's hoofs
On the hillside die away.

With that sight and that sound went the light of a
life,

And the hope of a breaking heart ;
I may turn my horse's head and ride,
For our fortunes lie far apart.

I forded the river at break of day,
The world was joyous and fair ;

¹ Kilpaulet Brae is in the heart of Lammermuir, at a place called the Lone Mile, near the Fastney Water.

My hope was as high as the heaven above,
And my heart like the summer air.

I shall ford it again in the twilight grey,
'Mid the wind and the water's roar ;
But never while life and breath remain,
Will I cross that river more.

COMING BACK TO SPOTTISWOOD

I SEE the glittering hills, an' the snawy braes
again,

I feel the blinding snawdrift come shrieking up
the glen,

I see the line of dark fir-wood, out ower the edge
ance mair,

An' the yellow bents, an' the heather tops, where
the wind has blawn it bare.

O glorious sights! O blissful sounds! I've been
ower lang awa',

It gars my very heart dance to be back amang ye
a'!

A RIDE OVER LAMMERMUIR

THEY are sweeping over the Earnscleuch hill,
Where the silver mist hangs thin and still.
Their horses' hoofs from the heather flowers
Scatter the bloom in purple showers,
The moor-cock flies with sudden spring
From their swift approach on his startled wing,
Onwards they rush—far to the right
Edgarhope's¹ dark forests fringe the height.
And now they wind their rapid way
Down a rocky pathway worn and grey
Which brings them to the mossy side
Of Blythe's wild water, dark and wide.
A hollow plunge and the struggling shock
Of the iron on the slippery rock,

¹ Pronounced "Eagrope."

And their horses spring on the grassy ledge
That slopes to the water's southern edge.
With drooping head and slackened rein
Up the steep mountain side they strain,
Each sinew stretched, each nostril wide,
Impatient in their fiery pride,
Gasping with eagerness they stop
At length upon its craggy top.
One moment's pause and their riders' gaze
Has marked the track through the glittering haze,
And with noiseless tread o'er the marshy plain,
And the measured ring of the bridle chain,
They bound with motion light and free
As the dancing waves on a summer sea.
They have crossed the moss, they are standing now
On Gairmoor Edge, whose rugged brow

Frowns on those shadowy hills, that stand
The boundary of a stranger land.
They little know on Cheviot's side,
Who mark that barrier dark and wide,
What fairy scenes its bleak crags hide.
Oh, many a vale lies calm and fair
With peaceful waters murmuring there,
And many a wild and lonely wood
Where the old grey-hen leads forth her brood,
And many a green and sunny glade
Where in the tall fern's fragrant shade
The fox and hare their homes have made.
Even as they reached the Gairmoor's side,
The veil of mist, that far and wide
Hung dimly over hill and lea,
Rose slowly upwards—they could see

From woodland green and moorland grey
T'was stealing silently away,
Till over Cheviot's wildest height
It vanished from their dazzled sight.
A glorious scene beneath them spread
A flood of golden light was shed
On all the valley wide and green
That stretched those distant hills between ;
And waves of sunshine seemed to roll
O'er tangled wood and mossy knoll.
Long was the rapturous gaze they cast
In silence round—too bright to last,
That glittering light was fading fast,
Mellowed and softened down and still,
It settled over glen and hill.

A DISREGARDED INVITATION FROM THE CHEVIOTS

THE Tev'ot heads hae raised a sang
An' the wastlan' wind's borne it alang,
An' the note's ta'en up by the streams o' Rule,
An' the Ousenam Water frae pule to pule ;
An' the Kale and Bowmont's joined loud and
shrill

An' sent the strain ower Halterburn hill
To the linns o' Colledge, where wild and deep
Th' exultin' tones ower the Border sweep.
The snaws hae melted frae howe and glen,
The primrose keeks up in the Cocklaw Den,
The gowans lie white upon Hownam Law
An' the bracken is green in Henwoodie Shaw.

The plovers are whistlin' o'er moss an' lea,
The gled soars high, and the tod rins free ;
We, only, are sad amid a' this glee.

O come frae the hills an' ower the sea,
For our heart is weary wi' pinin' for thee !

THE BOUNDS O' CHEVIOT

SHALL I never see the bonnie banks o' Kale again?

Nor the dark craigs o' Hownam Law?

Nor the green dens o' Chatto, nor Twaeford's
mossy stane,

Nor the birks upon Philogar Shaw?

Nae mair ! Nae mair !

I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair !

Shall I never watch the breakin' o' the simmer
day

Ower the shouther o' the Deer Buss height,

When the Stainchel, and the Mote, and the
flowery Bughtrigg brae

Redden slowly, wi' the mornin' light?

Nae mair! Nae mair!

I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never wander lanely, when the gloamin' fa's

And the wild birds flutter to their rest,

Ower the lang heathery muir, to the bonnie

Brunden laws

Standin' dark against the glitter o' the West?

Nae mair! Nae mair!

I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never ride the mossy braes o' Heatherhope
mair?

Shall I never see the Fairlone burn?

Nor the wild heights o' Hindhope, wi' its corries
green and fair

And the waters trinklin' down, amang the fern?

Nae mair! Nae mair!

I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never win the marches at the Coquet head,
Thro' the mists and the driftin' snaw?

Nor the dark doors o' Cottenshope, nor the quiet
springs o' Rede,

Glintin' bright across the Border, far awa?

Nae mair! Nae mair!

I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

(1858)

HISTORICAL

ILDICO'S LAMENT FOR ATTILA ¹

FAIN would I lay me down beside thee,

O gallant and brave !

Black death alone from me could divide thee,

There is no love in the grave.

Attila ! Attila ! Do not forget !

In Heaven I shall meet thee yet.

Coldly and stilly art thou sleeping,

And my agony is vain,

Nothing replies to my bitter weeping,

But the wind and the driving rain.

¹ Ildico was the beautiful wife of Attila, King of the Huns, who expired suddenly on their wedding night (see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*).

Attila ! Attila ! Do not forget !

In Heaven I shall meet thee yet.

Wildly the boldest fled before thee,

And thy path was desolate.

One breaking heart is watching o'er thee,

Mourning thine early fate.

Attila ! Attila ! Do not forget !

In Heaven I shall meet thee yet.

JAMES THE FIFTH'S REMORSE

IN bitter grief, abandoned and alone,
My name disgraced, and Scotland's honour gone,
I mourn my ill-spent life, my wretched fate,
I *do* repent—Repentance comes to late !
O my brave borderers, had I been true,
And as you trusted me, so trusted you,
I ne'er had seen the shame of Fala's day,
You would have followed when *I* led the way.
And she, as pure in heart, as fair in face,
The noblest daughter of a noble race,¹
Doomed by my petty jealousy to die—
I saw her tortures with un pitying eye.

¹ Lady Glamis.

I saw her stand with firm undaunted mien,
With faith unshaken, and with brow serene ;
One word of mine had set the prisoner free,
One word restored to home and liberty,
One word had told her coward foes they lied
—That word I spoke not, and my victim died.
Remorse avails not, and my grief is vain,
I cannot summon her to life again.
My friend of early days, trusty and tried,
Gentle and kind, when all were harsh beside ;[†]
You—I neglected, spurned and saw depart
To die, as I die—of a broken heart.
There is a crime, the blackest and the last
Which weighs me downwards, more than all the
past,

[†] Graystiel (Douglas of Kilspindie).

Which doomed the best and bravest of my bands
To meet their death, at cruel England's hands.
There was one faithful man of high degree,¹
Valiant and wise, revered by all but me ;
He could our arms to victory have led,
And bowed the pride of England's haughty head,
Had I not blindly, to my foul disgrace,
Raised up a worthless caitiff in his place.
My ill-starred men ! your blood is on my head,
The foe came on—the dastard villain fled.
Ages of suffering could not still my pain,
Nor all the waves of Solway cleanse the stain.
Oh, Magdalen ! My fair and youthful bride,²
I had not thus have sinned, had you not died ;

¹ Lord Maxwell.

² Princess Magdalen of France.

One word of your's, my pure and holy wife,
Had curbed the demons that have ruled my life.
So dearly were you loved, no tear or sigh
Had wrung your gentle heart, or dimmed your eye.
My solace is you did not live to share
My stormy life, or witness my despair.

DARNLEY AFTER RIZZIO'S MURDER

O my Mary ! humbled here before thee,
I do confess how great has been my sin.
Look on me—in my anguish I implore thee,
And let my penitence thy pardon win.

O my Mary ! just is thy displeasure,
Call me caitiff—traitor, if thou wilt.
Pour out thy wrath, with neither stint nor measure,
'Twill not exceed the baseness of my guilt.

The slanderous falsehoods whispered to deceive
me,

Could'st thou but know ! it might thy pity move.

Thus was I for a moment (Oh ! believe me)
Lured from my duty—never from my love.

O my Mary ! pity and forgive me, _
Think of my youth, turn at my bitter cry ;
Let not thine anger and thy scorn outlive me,
Without thy pardon—at thy feet I die.

THE LAST WORDS OF "YOUNG
DAIRSIE" ¹

GOD comfort thee, my Father! Make no lament
for me,

With my heart's blood I seal this day my Faith
and Loyalty;

I die rejoicing—for my King—my country and
her laws,

I would I had a hundred lives to lose in such a
cause.

¹ John Spottiswood ("Young Dairsie"), the only son of Sir John Spottiswood of Dairsie, and grandson of the Archbishop, joined his uncle, Sir Robert, in support of Montrose. He was taken prisoner with his great leader, and suffered for his loyalty at the Cross of Edinburgh, in May 1650, eight days after Montrose's execution.

Jesus ! receive my spirit, and waft me safely o'er
This sea of blood—one nobler far, hath crossed
its waves before ;
My sword is sheathed for ever—my last fight
nearly won,
But twenty summers I have seen—an' now—my
days are done !

Far to the East, o'er town and tower my longing
eyes I strain,
But the morning mist lies heavy and I must look
in vain ;
Not to the woods of Dairsie, not to the shores of
Fife,
Does my heart turn with fervent love, in this last
hour of life ;

But o'er the distant Lammermuir, to a wild and
lonely place,

To the old grey Towers of Spotyswode, the home
of all my race !

If it may be, my Comrades, I charge you e'er I die
Bury me, in its White Chapel, where my gallant
Fathers lie.

Robert, who fought by Bruce's side, and James at
Sauchieburn,

William, who died at Flodden, and Ninian bold
and stern

Who stood against Queen Mary's foes ! They
sleep within its shade,

A line of stainless warriors—and there would I be
laid.

Farewell ! misguided Scotland ! When thou the
truth shalt see,

Thou hast strong arms and gallant hearts would
right thy King and thee ;

That brighter day is dawning, I die in Faith and
Trust,

The King shall have his own again—when I am
in the dust.

LAMENT OF LADY DUNDEE FOR HER
HUSBAND

I LITTLE thought, that waefu' day
I bade fareweel to thee,
An' held thee fast, an' prayed thee sair
Sune to come back to me.
Tho' our partings were mony
An' fu' o' grief an' pain—
They were to be our last, an' we
Sud never meet again.

“Mourn not,” thou said'st ; “ye ken my faith
Is given but to three,
Unstained I keep it to my King,
My country, an' to thee.

As cauld as ice, as hard as steel
I gang amang them a' ;
An' my heart's wi' thee at Dudhope,
When I am far awa'."

Thy spirit was the gentlest, but
Where duty led it on,
Thou did'st neither shrink nor falter,
Till the rugged way was won.
Fause were the words they said of thee,
They called thee harsh an' stern,
They kenned na' how the heart was wrung
That wad neither flinch nor turn.

They might hae kenned the bitter signs,
They were na' far to seek,

In the sadness o' thy glorious e'e,

The paleness o' thy cheek.

A stormy life, a hero's death,

An' deathless fame are thine ;

When a' thy foes forgotten lie

The clearer will it shine.

The mools are on the gallant heart,

That aye beat true to me ;

The dust lies ower the waving hair,

I never mair shall see.

The ringing voice is silent,

That echoed wild an' free,

An' stirred the blude o' auld an' young

Wi' the war-cry o' "Dundee."

JACOBITE

SHAME ON YE GALLANTS !

SHAME on ye gallants ! that rise not readily,
Rouse ye and march at your Prince's call,
Wha sae base but would arm him speedily
For the noblest Stuart amang them all ?
He comes like the dawn on our lang night of
slavery,
Hope in his smile and light in his e'e ;
He sought us alone in his youth and his bravery
Frae the tyrant usurper to set us free.

Shame on ye gallants ! The sun shineth fairly,
To brighten each step of the Conqueror's way ;

The winds are singing a welcome to Charlie,

And the rebels are running before him the day.

Weel may we trust him to bear himsel' dauntlessly;

Scotland can witness frae heroes he springs ;

Noble his spirit, untainted his gallantry,

Worthy the son of a hundred kings !

WE'VE LOOKIT FOR YE LANG.

WE'VE lookit for ye lang, Prince Charlie,
Thro' years o' disgrace and pain ;
But the heather will bloom, and the thistle-top
wave—

There's a Stuart in Scotland again !

Argyle's gi'en ower the crown and sceptre
(The fause traitor dog),
But he couldna' mak a King o' Scotland
Out o' a German Hog !

They've brak into our King's palace,
They've ripit his treasury,

An' he's climbed into our King's throne, who was
A bit crofter in Germanie !

He's ta'en place o' our lords and nobles,
As tho' he were head o' the state ;
An' he's daured to ca' us his subjects—
My Faith ! but he isna blate !

He may head us, an' he may hang us,
He may chain us within stane wa's ;
But he canna gar a man in Scotland
Stir a fit in his beggarly cause !

Ae glance o' your eagle e'e,
Ae wave o' your yellow hair,
Ae tone o' your princely voice
Will lead us—we need nae mair.

There's a road thro' your foes, Prince Charlie !

A way that is sure an' fleet,

We'll ding down the usurpin' carlie,

An fling him beneath your feet !

(1873)

I'VE CAST OFF MY SATIN PETTICOAT

I'VE cast of my satin petticoat o' the scarlet an'
the blue,

An' the mantle that happit me sae fairly,
I've put on the hieland kilt, an' the belted plaidie
too—

An' it's a' for the sake o' Prince Charlie !

I've thrown by my siller seam, my spinnin' wheel
an' a'

An' the harp that I played upon sae rarely ;
I've ta'en the claymore in my fingers white an'
sma',

An' it's a' for the sake o' Prince Charlie.

Ah, little kens my father, that his daughter Leddy

Jean,

Was off in the mornin' sae early,

To rank in among his men, when they marshalled

on the green,

But it's a' for the sake o' Prince Charlie !

Tho' my kennin' it is little, an' my strength it is

but sma',

An' I am furnished wi' weapons but barely ;

I'll haud up my head among the sodgers a'

An' I'll fight to the death for Prince Charlie !

(1892)

JEANIE CAMERON'S DEATH-SONG

FAREWHEEL to thee, Charlie ; dim grows my e'e,
But on thy Kingly brow, Charlie, it's last look
shall be.

My head's pillow'd now, Charlie, on thy Royal
breast,

But sune this weary brow, Charlie, on the cauld
earth maun rest.

My deepest love is thine, Charlie, it's a' I hae
to gie,

An' lay me in the mools, Charlie, an' think nae
mair o' me !

Thy step maun be the first, Charlie, amang the
free and brave

There's a Crown and a Throne for thee, Charlie,
an' for me, my lonely grave !

SUGGESTED BY THE *HATED* SIGHT
OF CULLODEN

CURST be Culloden, blasted for ever,
Blossom or verdure, grow there again never !
May storms rage around it, may bitter winds blight
it,
May rain never soften, may sunshine ne'er light it!

May no bird of the forest, no deer of the mountain
Alight on its dark moor, or drink of its fountain !
May *their* rest be unbroken, *their* dust be
untrodden
Who lie deep in the black heart of guilty
Culloden !

Confusion to Cumberland ! Mourning and
weeping

Dog him and follow him, waking and sleeping !

May the blood shed by him and his abject
dependants

Bring ruin and woe on their latest descendants !

Dark on Culloden our vengeance is lying !

For our Prince hunted down—for the slain, for the
dying !

For our shame and dishonour that cleansed can be
never,

May the Curse rest upon it for ever and ever !

AFTER CULLODEN

WE winna leave thee. Where should we gang?

Thou art our King, our life, and our glory.

Trust to us yet, and it shall na be lang

Ere the dastardly Whigs shall rin trembling
before ye.

The bravest and best o' the country lie slain,

True hearts and bauld wad hae righted ye
rarely,

But ye've the mair need o' the few that remain,

An' in life or in death, we'll stand by ye,
Charlie.

Dark though the day be, its clouds will blaw past,
An' a morrow will come wi' the sun shining
fairly,
Up the red steep we will struggle at last,
An' place the auld crown on your head, Royal
Charlie !

We'll never leave thee. Our law is thy will,
Our heart's blude, our gear, an' our lands are
thine fairly,
Lead on ! If ye fa', we'll follow ye still,
An' dee by your side. We'll hae nae king but
Charlie !

THE RETURN FROM CULLODEN

Wi' wearie fit and breakin' heart
I've wandered back to see
My father's lands and ancient tower.
(Nae langer hame to me !)

Yon ill-fa'ured thievin' German loon
Has ta'en my rights awa ;
The King he's robbit o' his Crown
An' ruin brought on a'.

The auld grey tower stands fair and fast,
Where we, and our forbears

Held rule and sway, ower muir an' brae,

For mony a hundred years !

Oh ! blithely rade we forth at morn,

An' thocht to come again,

Wi' triumph an' rejoicin',

When the King won back his ain !

Our father turned him round about

Before our bounds were past,

Wi' lingerin' look,—he little kenn'd

That look wad be his last !

There were three went forth from Philhope

Tower

Without a care or pain,

O'er hill an' glen to join our King
An' but ane came back again.

An' he is wandrin', hunted dune
Wi' heart forlorn an' wae ;
An' the twae are lyin' cauld an' still
Aneath Culloden Brae.

LAMENT OF THE WIFE OF A LOYALIST
WHO DIED OF HIS WOUNDS AFTER
CULLODEN

WHERE the snow lies the deepest,
Where the wintry winds moan,
There thou, my love, sleepest,
By the wild wood, alone.

When from fatal Culloden
(Oh ! dark was the day)
Through muirlands untrodden
We wandered away.

No hope for the morrow,
No balm for the past,

In faintness and sorrow

We rested at last.

Where the green grass was growing,

Where the stream wandered by,

There thy life-blood was flowing,

—Thou hadst lain down to die !

The spring has departed,

The summer is gone.

And I—broken-hearted,

Still watch thee alone.

What worse can befall me?—

I know to my pain,

(Tho' I would not recall thee)

—Thy death was in vain !

HOWNAM LAW

As I rade forth in the mornin' early,
The bonniest lassie that ever I saw,
A blue-e'ed, gowden-haired, little Herd-lassie,
Was keepin' her sheep upon Hownam Law.

“Oh, whae's aught you, ye little Herd-lassie,
That wad trust ye sae far on the hills your lane?”
Quo' she, “There was a battle far i' the North,
An' they banished our King, an' my Daddie
was slain.

“My Minnie an' me, we bide in the shielin',
Doun the glen, frae the Roman Ring;

An' a' the day lang she's greetin' and prayin',
She greets for my Daddie, an' prays for our
King."

"Oh, wha was your Daddie, my bonnie bit lassie,
Did he follow his laird to the Hielands awa?"
"Deed no! he was Lord o' baith vassals an'
lands,
An' gin we had our richts, I am heir to them a'."

"Oh, hard is thy fortune, my bonnie wee lassie!
Sad maun your days be, your heart maun be sair;"
"We daurna repine, for my Minnie aye tells me
If we hae lost muckle, our King has lost
mair.

“ I dance on the heather, I sing wi’ the laverock,
I wade in the waters, and better than a’,
There’s naethin’ ’tween me an’ my Daddie in
Heaven,
When I’m up wi’ my sheep upon Hownam
Law ! ”

MY PRINCE

WHY did they force thee from the field,
They knew thou ne'er would'st turn or yield?
What did'st thou reck of life or breath
Thou would'st have died a hero's death?

O my Prince, my Prince !

Was it for thee, thro' wind and rain,
Hunger and thirst, and grief and pain,
No arm to aid, no hope to cheer,
To wander like a hunted deer?

O my Prince, my Prince !

Was it for thee with breaking heart,
With all thy high resolves to part?

To know thy gallant deeds in vain,
Thy cause betray'd, thy followers slain?

O my Prince, my Prince !

Alone in forced inglorious rest,
The pinioned eagle droops his crest ;
Despair hath bowed thy Royal head,
The fire of other days is dead.

O my Prince, my Prince !

But still *we* see thee brave and fair,
The stalwart form, the yellow hair,
The eagle eye with glances keen,
The lion heart—the princely mien.

O my Prince, my Prince !

Our hearts are all thine own, as when
We followed thee o'er hill and glen.
All else may change on earth and sea,
But not our faith and truth to thee.

O my King, my King !

(1881)

BALLADS

ANNIE LAURIE ¹

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true ;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay doun my head and dee !

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the bonniest
That e'er the sun shone on.

¹ Written at Marchmont, 1834 or 1835.

That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay doun my head and dee !

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay doun my head and dee !

The old version, given in Allan Ramsay's *Scottish Songs*,
is as follows :—

ANNIE LAURIE

MAXWELLTOWN banks are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew ;
Where I and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true ;

Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backet like a peacock,
She's breasted like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist you weel may span ;
Her waist you weel may span,
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

Allan Ramsay appends this note to the song :—

"I found this song in the little *Ballad Book*, collected and edited by a gentleman to whom Scottish literature is largely indebted—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam. It is accompanied by the following notice: 'Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of the Maxwelton family (created 27th March 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddell of Minto, had three sons and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr Douglas of Fingland, who is said to have composed the following verses under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr Ferguson of Craigdarroch.'"

THE LADY BLANCHE'S BURIAL.¹

THE Lady Blanche is dead

And in her cold grave laid,

And her eyes so fair, and her golden hair

In the dark damp earth must fade.

Four Knights bore her pall,

And they went mourning all,

The cold moon shone on them every one,

And fast their tears did fall.

The first sighed heavily—

“Of the noblest blood was she,

¹ Written before Lady John Scott's marriage.

For lineage great, and queenly state,
Her peer can never be."

The second wept full sore—
"Shall I never see her more?
Her beauty bright was my delight,
And now my dream is o'er."

The third Knight wildly cried—
"O would she had not died!
Of lands so fair, she was the heir,
And of coffers of gold beside."

The fourth spoke sad and slow—
"O death, thou hast laid low
The sweetest flower, and from this hour
The world is a world of woe!"

Her dirge rose wild and deep—

“Mourn not her early sleep,

Her beauty and power, her lands and dower,

Are left,—but she doth not weep.

—

“The flowers of Heaven are fair,

And she blooms the sweetest there,

And the stars of night are not more bright

Than the crown on her golden hair.”

THE CRUEL STEPMOTHER

“ BONNIE Lady Annie, where are ye gaun? ”

“ I’m gaun to the greenwood thro’ the wind and
the rain

For my brither, he’s out at the huntin’ his lane.”

“ Bonnie Lady Annie, the night’s gaun to fa’,

Sune will the Heaven be driftin’ wi’ snaw ;

To the dark forest, oh, gang not ava ! ”

“ Thro’ wind and thro’ snawdrift this night I maun
gang

For my brither has bidden at the huntin’ ower lang
An’ I fear in my heart, there is something wrang.”

“Gang to your stepmother, my bonnie Lady Anne,
Ask three o’ her horses, an’ twa o’ her men,
An’ they’ll bring your brither sune home again.”

To her stepmother’s bower Lady Annie’s gane doon,
An’ lowly and tremblin’ she’s begged the boon,
The Lady turned round and answered her soon :

“My men’s by the fire, my horse in the sta’;
They’re no gang the night for Lord John thro’ the
 snaw,
If he bide or they seek him, he’ll no come ava.”

Lady Annie turned round wi’ the tear in her e’e,
“Weel, Madam,” she said, “if nae better maun be,
Will ye grant your wee doggie to seek him wi’ me?”

“The night it is mirk, an’ the wind’s blawin’ snell,
Asleep at my feet my doggie’s as well,
If ye’re wantin’ Lord John, ye may seek him your
sel’!”

She’s waded the moss, an’ she’s forded the burn,
An’ she’s up the brae face wi’ mony a turn,
An’ wearied she’s won to the Forest of Morne.

Could drave the snaw thro’ her lang yellow hair,
“Ochon!” quo’ Lady Annie wi’ mony a tear,
“Were our father at hame, I wadna been here!”

To the East and the West, she’s seeking him gane,
In the mirk midnight thro’ the forest her lane,
Crying aye as she gaed, “O Johnnie, come hame!”

Thro' the cauld snaw she gaed widely and far,
Wi' naething to guide her, neither moonlight nor star;
Sad was the seeking—but the finding was waur!

Down at the fit o' a bonnie birk tree,
Lying low in the snaw Lord John did she see,
But cauld was his cheek and dim was his e'e.

His red heart's blude was ebbing fu' fast,
In the Forest o' Morne he had huntit his last;
His hounds at his feet howled wild to the blast.

“There's nae need to ask, for but ane it can be
Wad hae dune sic a deed, my Johnnie, to the,
It's our stepmither's wark!” “Ye say truly,”
quo' he.

“On the braes o’ the forest it’s pleasant to dee ;
Fu’ saftly I lie, wi’ the snaw driftin’ free
An’ the birk boughs are waving a welcome to me.

“Our cruel stepmother can harm me nae mair !
I’m gane to a land she’ll no grudge me to heir,
Where nae fause hand can reach, and the heart’s
never sair.”

“The kind earth’s beneath us, and the Heavens are
abune ;
My brither, we’ll sleep a lang sleep an’ a soun’.”
An’ slowly and weary Lady Annie lay doun.

There are lights in the forest, an’ a sound in the air ;
O’ horsemen approaching wi’ the speed o’ despair,
An’ the Baron o’ Morne the foremost is there.

Oh sair was his heart, an' a wud man was he,
"My bairns! whom I lo'ed as the light o' my e'e!
Hae they huntit ye doun to the wild woods to dee!"

Oh sad were the words that passed this three atween
Lord John and Lady Annie were weary, I ween,
An' their voices turned faint, an' dull grew their
e'en.

The high hills were round them, but higher than a'
'Their spirits or daybreak had mounted awa,
An' the Baron o' Morne was his lane in the snaw.

Their cruel stepmother to the dungeon he's ta'en;
An' there has he bound her wi' mony a chain,
An' the sweet light o' Heaven she ne'er saw again.

He's banished her son—saying, “Weren't no for
the sake

O' his prayer that's awa, an' my word I'll no break,
Baith you an' your mither should hae burnt at the
stake !”

THERE WERE TWA LAIRDS' SONS

THERE were twa Lairds' sons in Lammermuir,
An' they hae set a day
To flee their hawks, an' hunt their grues ¹
Upon the Twinlaw brae.

Sic friends, in lands baith far an' near
(Ye may search them one by one)
Ye wadna find, as young St Clair
An' the Laird o' Spottiswood's son.

But there rase a quarrel them a'tween,
An' angry men were they,

¹ Greyhounds

An' they've agreed to fecht it out

Upon the Twinlaw brae.

St Clair has ta'en his riding sword,

To stand to his ain part :

But Spottiswood's drawn his huntin' knife,

An' stabbit him to the heart.

He cuist himsel' in anguish doon,

(He wad neither flee nor hide) ;

“O wae is me, that by my hand,

My dearest friend has died !”

When the St Clairs gat word o' this,

Their anger wadna stay,

They've sent a message to the king

Afore the break o' day.

“Grant us a boon, my gracious king,
To us young Spottiswood gie,
That for the foul deed he has done
High hangit he may be.”

The king garr'd write a stern letter,
An' signed it wi' his hand :
“I'll hear nae mair o' they blude feuds
That desolate the land.

“Let Spottiswood tak' a bag o' gowd,
Filled to the very brim,
An' offer a' to the St Clairs :
I wot they'll pardon him.”

“Look up, look up, my son Johnnie,
Tho' it sud ruin me,

I'll sell my horse,¹ I'll sell my kye,
But ye sall borrowed ² be."

"Alak, my father, I hae brought
Ruin an' want on thee,
An' a' to save the worthless life
O' sic a wretch as me.

"Surely my wicked heart had been
By the foul fiend possest,
That I sud slay my dearest friend,
My truest an' my best."

Or the sun blinked ower Yavering Bell,
He's mounted an' awa,

¹ Horse, a collective noun.

² Borrowed, ransomed.

He's ta'en the weighty poke o' gowd
To Longformacus Ha'.

He lichted doun—ilk man his sword
Swift frae its sheath has ta'en,
But when they saw the bag o' gowd
They sheathed them back again.

“ I bring this offrin' for my sin,
The utmost I can gie,
An' for the dear Lord's sake I pray
That ye wad pardon me.

“ My sleep will be nae rest to me,
My meat will be na feed,
There's naethin' left in life for me,
I wish that I was deid ! ”

They've ta'en him kindly by the hand,
They've raised him frae his knee,
"The past's forgi'en, let us be friends,
As we were used to be."

"Ah, fare ye weel, my comrades dear,
Fareweel to a' your clan,
For I maun wander through the world
A broken-hearted man.

"Ye may forgi'e my awfu' sin,
Twill haunt me sune an' syne ;
There's nae St Clair amang ye a'
Wi' a heart sae sair as mine."

NOTE BY LADY JOHN SCOTT IN A LETTER TO THE
HONBLE. JAMES HOME, 13th March 1897.

"I am ashamed to say this is a true story. The duel without witnesses, and the murder of young Matthew St Clair by his friend John Spottiswood (the part of the Twinlaw brae where the tragedy took place is called 'Matthew's Rig' to this day), the fury of the St Clairs suddenly softened into forgiveness and friendship by the sight of 'the bag o' gowd,' the intense remorse and despair of Spottiswood, the all but ruin of his poor old father, are all real facts. No one ever knew what the two amiable youths quarrelled about,—very likely the merits of their respective hawks and hounds."

The murder took place in 1611.

BIDE IN YOUR BOWER

BIDE in your bower, my Leddie,
Hae nae sad thoughts for me,
For as sure as the sun's in Heaven
I will hasten back to thee,
And for ilka coo that they hae ta'en,
I wot I'll bring you three.

Half o' my men sall bide at hame,
And half sall ride wi' me,
And or the sun's ahint the hill
Ye sall hae news o' me.

She turned her to the inner ha'
Wi' mony a sigh and tear,

“My mind misgi’es me ; or the morn
Ill tidings we shall hear.”

“And lang afore the sun gae’d doun,
Ill news cam’ to the ha’,
Lord Ronald and his men are ta’en ;
They’re to be hangit a’.

“We’ll mount and ride, my trusty men,
And or the gloamin’ fa’,
We’ll hae Lord Ronald back again
Safe in his ain ha’.”

And mony a glen they hurried through,
And mony a hill they clomb,
And when in the gate was a water in spate,
They rode in their horse and swam.

When they cam' to the Fairlea Haughs,
A bonnie sicht was seen,
Twa hunder kye o' the Lowland kind
Were feeding on the green.

And out and spak' the Leddie there
And she spak' cheerfullie,
“Now bide ye here, my men, she said,
Till ye get word frae me.”

She's left them on the fair hill-side,
She's ridden on her lane,
Exceptin' but her little foot-page
That walked by her bridle rein.

And she cam' up the Cocklemuir
An awfu' sight to see ;

Lord Ronald stude wi' a' his men
Around the gallows tree.

“O heed my prayer, Sir Halbert Grey,
For a waefu' wife you see,
Tho' I ken you hae a heart o' steel,
I beg a boon frae thee.

“Grant me but ae grasp o' his hand,
But ae blink o' his e'e,
And grant him but a few kind words
To tak' farewell o' me.”

“My heart is no sae hard, Leddie,
But your boon sall granted be ;
Tho' Lord Ronald's but a rank Reiver,
He may tak' farewell o' thee.”

She's turned her horse where Lord Ronald stude

Twa buirdlie men atween,

He couldna stir a step himsel'

They held him sae hard and keen.

She's ridden up to Lord Ronald's side,

And she's dune weel her part,

She's drawn a sword on his twa guards

And she's stabbit them to the heart.

She strak sae swift, she strak sae sure,

That they loosed their grip and fell,

And sae ready was Lord Ronald then

To mount ahint hersel'.

She leaned her doun to her little foot-page,

And thus to him did say :

“Ca’ up my weel-armed men in haste
That dern¹ ahint the brae.

“And lead them to Lord Ronald’s men
Aneath the gallows tree,
Gar them keep the road for ae half hour,
Till we’re ayont the lea.

Lord Ronald grippit firm ahint,
And she rade stride afore,
She slackit na speed and she drew na rein,
Till they cam’ to their ain ha’ door.

And mony a wife’s dune weel, I wot,
But she’s dune best of a’,

1 “Dern,” to hide.

For it's by the might o' her right hand
He's safe in his ain ha'.

Her men had arms, baith swords and spears,
But Lord Ronald's they had nane,
Yet they've feuchten weel wi' the Englishmen,
And mony a ane was slain.

Then out and spak' Sir Halbert Grey,
And he spak' angrilie,
"They fight like devils mair than men,
Sae turn about and flee."

The Scots lads stude on the Langstane Edge,
To see the men gae by,
They've keepit the road for a gude half hour,
And syne drave hame the kye.

And they that gaed to Fairlea Haughs

Saw a waefu' sight next morn,

The Scots had cleared them o' a' the kye,

And left neither cloot nor horn.

There were thankfu' hearts in Wardlaw Tower,

And weel might Lord Ronald's be

To the gallant wife that had won his life

At the fit o' the gallows tree.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S COURTING
IN GLADHOUSE GLEN ¹

WITHIN the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang Summer's day.

It wasna the Fairy King,
That in silk and jewels shone ;
As little was it an Elfin Knight,
That fair Queen smiled upon.

Ye wadna hae heard the burn,
As it gaed tinklin' doun,

¹ In the Moorfoot Hills.

The air was sae daft wi' their twa voices
An' their laughter's ringin' sound.

Up the mouth o' the Glen,
An' round the Drudal Stane,
Lord James, the Flower o' the Border-land
Cam' wandrin' up, his lane.

“Who may this mortal be?
But it's naething to you nor me,
As you and I sit courting,
Unseen by mortal e'e.”

Within the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang Summer's day.

The oak boughs parted wide,
An' the birks in the leafy den,
An' the loveliest Lady in a' the land
Cam' slowly up the Glen.

“Is it the Leddy o' Douglas?
Come quickly to me, tell.”
He shook like ony aspen leaf:
“It's the Queen o' Scotland's sel'.”

Within the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang Summer's day.

“On the path o' the bauld Lord James,
How daur's her step to be?

Oh dule on this green howe hill,
I can neither stir nor see !”

Louder her laughter grew,
An’ merrier danced her e’en,
“Ye maun leave that riddle unread,
If ye court wi’ the Fairy Queen.

“Ye maun keep your vows to me,
Let Mary o’ Scotland gae,
Little she wots o’ him that courts
Wi’ me ahint the brae.”

Within the howe o’ the hill,
An’ ahint the back o’ the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A’ the lang Summer day.

ABSENCE ¹

Oh ! the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
When the blythe shepherds play on their bog-reed and horn ;
While we're milking, they're lilting baith pleasant and clear—
But my heart's like to break, when I think o' my dear.

Oh ! the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks o' sheep sune i' the morn ;
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free—
But, alas ! my dear heart, all my sighing's for thee !

Oh ! the hillsides are pleasant in a blyth Autumn
day,
When the muirmen are out at the kylin' o' the hay ;
Their sangs o'er the muirlands ring widely and
near—
But my heart's like to break, when I think o' my
dear.

¹ The two first verses by Lady Grizell Baillie ; the two last by
Lady John Scott.

Wi' laughter and daffin the hours wear away,
An' blyth is the hame-gaun at e'en o'er the brae ;
The muircock is calling, the wild hare rins free—
But alas ! my dear heart, all my sighin's for thee !

THE AULD FIDDLER'S FAREWELL TO SPOTTISWOOD

(To the tune of *The American Dwarf* country dance) \

I

SNAWY an' dreary

An' blawy an' eerie

The nicht it had fa'en, an' my haps they were few.

When tremblin' an' blinkin'

To the door I cam shrinkin'

O' Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

2

A lodgin' an' dinner

They gi'ed the auld sinner,

The fire an' the whiskey sune warmed me a' thro'.

Then me an' my fiddle
Were set in the middle
O' Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

3

Mad with the Houlachan,
Glad till they cool again,
"The Sow's tail to Geordie" I play them sae
true.

Then reelin' an' skreighin'
To "The Castle o' Brechin"
Are Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

4

Faster an' dafter
The fiddlin' an' laughter,
Leddy Warrender's loupin' an' flingin' for two.

Miss Rose an' Augusta

Bang round in a cluster

Wi' Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

(ENVOI)

Hearin' ye've a Paper written by folk o' a' ages,

I humbly offer a sang for ane o' its pages,

Wi' mony thanks frae my fiddle an' sel' to ye a'.

Ye've keepit us gaun, an' made us baith fu' an'
bra'.

That Spottiswood may ne'er want roset or
whiskey

Is the earnest wish

O' your auld drunken fiddler an' servant,

George McLish.



FOREIGN

CHANSON

CALME-TOI ! La vie n'a plus pour nous
Les jours de fête, les joies,
Le délire d'autrefois.
Ah ! ils sont passés tous.

Calme-toi !

Ton cœur est déchiré,
Je vois la lutte affreuse ;
Mais crois-tu, malheureuse !
Que tu as seule pleuré ?

Calme-toi !

JOYEUSE

Es-tu comme autrefois douce et belle, Joyeuse,
D'une beauté que je croyais immortelle, Joyeuse ?
Chantes-tu encore de ta voix séduisante, Joyeuse ?
Plus que oiseau, plus que luth, tendre et charmante
Joyeuse !

Est-ce que la nature sait toujours te plaire,
Joyeuse ?

L'ombre du soir, le bois solitaire, Joyeuse ?
Ah ! que nous étions heureux dans ces jours,
Joyeuse !

Tranquilles et calmes et purs comme nos amours,
Joyeuse !

Sans pitié l'âme, et dur le cœur, Joyeuse !

Qui pouvait troubler un tel bonheur, Joyeuse !

Tes pensées d'alors, je les connaissais si bien,
Joyeuse !

De tes pensées d'aujourd'hui, absolument rien,
Joyeuse !

Es-tu seule en ce monde où je suis seul, Joyeuse ?

Le front rayonnant et gai, le cœur en deuil,
Joyeuse ?

La vie, pour toi, est-elle triste et noire, Joyeuse,

Sans lumière, sans joie, et sans espoir, Joyeuse ?

AFTER THE SCARLET FEVER—1874

RIVENGO, rivengo dai lidi dolenti.

Rivedo il sole, i prati ridenti.

Ma solo ritorno, tremante il pie,

La voce amata si tace per me !

La voce amata si tace per me !

HYMNS

I KINGS xix. 11, 12

AT the lightning and the thunder
I shook with awe and wonder.
But in the crash I heard
Distinctly—word by word—
A still small voice which said,
“’Tis I—be not afraid.”

HYMN

FATHER ! As Thou art great in power, be great to
spare,

Lay not upon me more than I can bear.

My heart beats low, my eyes are dim with tears,

And I am old in grief, though young in years.

Father ! I pray Thee, for Jesus' sake,

Lighten this burden, or my heart will break ;

On the dark future shed one glimmering ray,

Grant me *one* hope, to cheer me on my way.

Father ! Avert the evils that have sprung
From lying lips, and a deceitful tongue ;
Confound the malice of my foes unseen,
And grant *me* gentler thoughts than theirs have
been.

HYMN

“FATHER ! Let me rest where shadows lie
And cold dews fall. Too fervently
Hath the red sun looked on me ; worn, oppressed,
I faint beneath its rays. Oh ! let me rest.”

“Not yet. Thy warfare is not past.
The howling storm must come, and bitter blast,
And cold rain, by the wild winds driven. Thy part
Is to withstand, with firm unshrinking heart.”

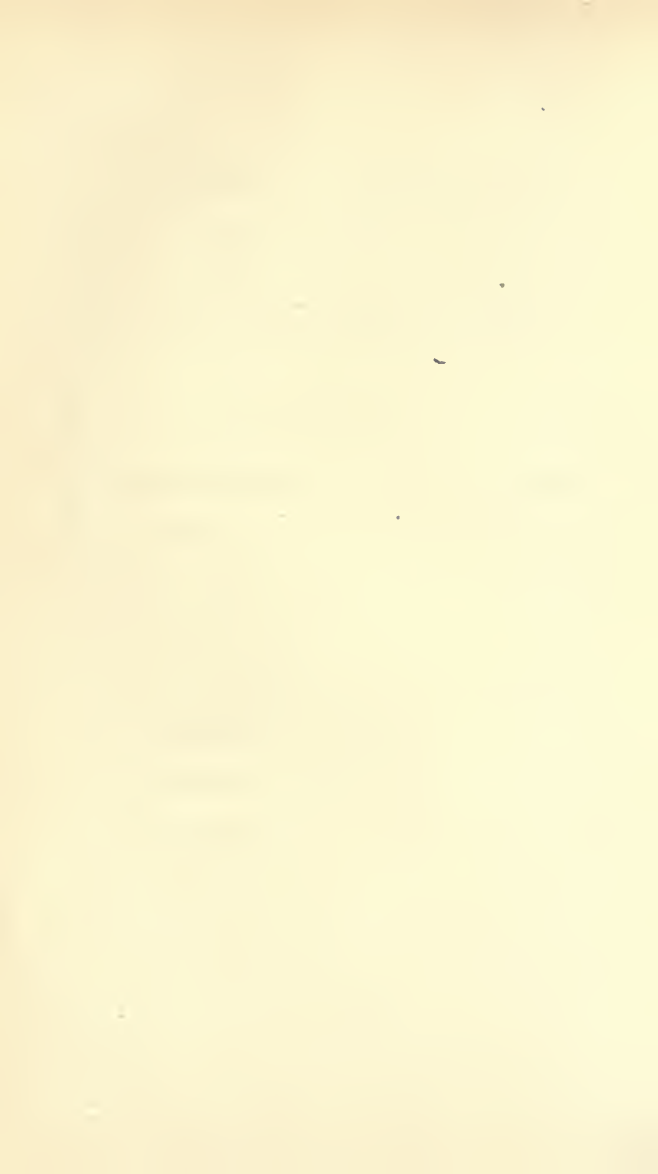
“Father, it is done !—Now let me rest
Where storms can never reach me, calm and blest.
My field is fought, my weary task is o’er ;
Oh ! send me back to the wild world no more.”

“Still must thou journey on. The night,
Silent and lonely, on thy troubled sight,
Shall gather fast, without one cheering ray;
And thro’ that heavy darkness lies thy way.”

“Father! At Thy feet subdued I fall.
Day breaks.—Thy hand hath guided me thro’ all.
Thou knowest my wayward heart, and what is best
To calm its fever. In that faith I rest.”

“Thy wanderings all are o’er.—Rest now!
Peace to thy weary heart and aching brow.
In shadowy bowers, by valleys still and deep,
Where quiet waters flow—lie down and sleep.”

(1841.)



FAMILY



MARCHMONT—1834

I MUST be sad ! It is a vain endeavour
To smile, when all within is gloom and pain.
It is our last day now, and we may never
Meet in this cold and dreary world again.
The last ! A gloom o'er all is cast
By that sad thought, the last !

But we will watch the setting sun together
On the old trees and moorland as before.
Still may I watch the bright or stormy weather,
But with thee by my side—Oh ! never more !
The last ! A gloom o'er all is cast
By that sad thought, the last !

Sing with me our old songs, the wildest, saddest,

That I may dwell on every thrilling tone,

We sang them nightly, when our hearts were
gladdest ;

Sing them again, e'er our last day is gone.

The last ! A gloom o'er all is cast

By that sad thought, the last !

“TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN”

THOU dwellest far above the starry sky,
My sorrow cannot move thee—nor the cry
Of mortal anguish ever reach thine ears,
My grief is lonely now—unheeded fall my tears !

I know thou hear'st me not ; thou would'st return
With thine own smile, and bid me not to mourn,
And comfort me, and tell me even Above
Thy soul was *bound to mine* in deathless love.

How often did we talk in former years
Of Death and all our anxious hopes and fears !
I little thought his seal was on thy brow,
His shadow on thy heart—I know it now !

There was a beauty in thy large soft eye,
Bright but yet mournful, like the lights which lie
On hill and sea before the close of day
Ere its last beams have faded quite away.

And in thy glorious voice there was a tone,
A deep wild sadness that was all its own ;
Except the rushing streams, and moaning wind
No earthly sound recalls it to my mind.

I miss thy step upon the lone hill-side,
I miss thee on the moorland still and wide,
I miss thee singing in thy favourite bowers
At morn among the green leaves and the flowers.

I miss thee in the dark hour of distress,
And my soul faints with hopeless weariness ;

Thou art not near to cheer and to sustain,
And say, “Doubt not, all will be well again !”

In every thought I miss thee ; we alone
Had dreams and memories to all else unknown.
—They sleep for ever now !—That hand is cold
Whose touch awaked their chords, in days of old !

“YOUR VOICES ARE NOT HUSHED”¹

“YOUR voices are not hushed,”

No bitter tear is shed,

Your spirits are uncrushed,

And she is with the dead !

Do ye not miss her voice

And the light of her glorious eyes ?

No, ye can still rejoice,

While she in her cold grave lies.

Since she was smiling here

But few short years have fled ;

¹ Written at Marchmont in 1842, three years after her sister's death.

Your laugh is on my ear,
And she is with the dead !

Do ye not pine to see
Her radiant face again ?
No, in your careless glee
No thoughts of the dead remain !

O'er all the joyous earth
The Spring's soft light is shed,
Her home is filled with mirth,
And she is with the dead !

Have ye no thought or care
That the light of our life is gone ?
No, in my deep despair,
I feel I am all alone !

TO JOHN AND ANDREW ¹

WHEN I am gone, I charge thee to remember
Fondly and faithfully through joy and pain,
In the sunny days of June, in the dark nights of
December
The old times that cannot come again.

Those old times ! So lov'd, so cherished,
Our own hearts whispered that they could not
last,
All but their memory from the earth hath perished,
And I conjure thee to keep *that* fast.

The unbroken band of sisters and of brothers
Upon this weary earth can meet no more.

¹ Her brothers.

We who remain, we cannot give to others

The love, the trust that bound us *all* of yore.

Nor need we give them. We should hoard them
rather,

They are not lost ! We have not lov'd in vain !

The time will come, when God Himself shall
gather

The children to their Father's home again.

(*Spottiswood*, 1841.)

“AFTER MY BROTHER JOHN'S
DEATH ”

THE spring he so loved wellethe still
From the dark mountain's brow ;
The dotterel come back to the hills,
But he—heedeth not now !

The fox, by the horn's merry sounds,
Is roused from his lair ;
They ride to the cry of the hounds,
But he—rideth not there !

The woods where he wandered are fair
In the spring, as of yore ;
But cared for and loved as they were,
He will see them no more !

ON MY BROTHER JOHN

(Died 1846)

I SAID, "I ask neither care nor pity,

For my present and future are bright."

God said, "Ye have no abiding city,

Ye must seek one out of sight."

I said, "Thou art my hope, I need no other,

My comfort and my refuge to the end."

God said, "There is One that sticketh closer than

a brother,


And He must be thy friend."

I said, " My life without Thee were lonely,

So cherished and so dear Thou art ;

I love Thee first, I love Thee only."

God said, " Give me thy heart."



TO ———

MANY a year has passed since we two parted,
Bringing sunshine to the Heavens and flowers to
the plain ;

But the freshness of the Spring reaches not the
weary-hearted,

Light and joy to them may never come again !

I wander by the hill-sides, sad and lonely,
Careless of all that made me glad of yore ;
The wild bird's song I heed not, thinking only,
Of one low voice, that I shall hear no more !

I turn from the blue skies, forlorn and weeping,
Haunted by memories of a day long past,

When storms were gathering round, and wintry
winds were sweeping,
And I watched thy parting look, and felt it was
the last.

There is an hour when silent stars are gleaming,
And the cold moon shines forth, for which I pine;
For then I know when that pure light is beaming,
Tho' I see thee not, and hear thee not, thy spirit
meeteth mine.

In my worn heart, a sad but peaceful feeling,
Calming its restlessness, soothing its bitter pain,
Stilling its murmurs, in those shadowy rays is
stealing,
Answering its torturing doubt, "Shall we two
meet again?"

“On earth no more !” Our last farewell is spoken !
But a few years of gloom and suffering past ;
And we, who wander drearily, desolate and heart-
broken,
Parted for ever here—shall meet in Heaven at
last.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S
BIRTHDAY

(November 25)

COLD is the blast of November's dark morning,
But warm are the wishes that hail its returning.
Together we bring thee with deepest emotion,
Our Chieftain and Father, our heart's best
devotion.

Kinsmen and clansmen, join in the chorus,
Long may we follow where he leads before us !

Fair may he flourish, whatever betide us,
The oak that will shelter, the star that will guide
us.

His foot on his foes, his clan at his order,
The dread of the Southern, the pride of the Border.
Heartily, joyfully, raise the loud chorus,
Long may we follow where he leads before us !


Light be his step on the braes of the forest
In summer's long day, or when winter is sorest.
Lighter his heart,—may no sorrow be deeper
Than the pity he gives to the mourner and weeper.
Ettrick and Yarrow echo the chorus,
Long may we follow where he leads before us !

Like the rock on the mountain, his hand is the
surest,
Like the badge on his bonnet, his heart is the
purest.

Life to him ! Health to him ! Gladness for ever,
Our Chieftain and Father, whose equal was never.

Louder and wilder ring out the chorus,

Long may we follow where he leads before us !



PERSONAL



TO H. H. C.

MOURN not for me ! As the mountain burn
Tho' it wander away, will in mist return ;
As the plover, though borne on unwearying wing
To distant lands, will come back in Spring ;
As the wandering wind goes wildly forth
From our hills, but returns to its home in the
North ;
As the heather flowers, though they fade and wane,
Will blossom red on the moors again ;
So I, tho' I go for a time away,
I bid you look to a brighter day,
With the heather flowers on the sunny brae,

With the wild North wind, with the wandering
bird,

When his first shrill note of joy is heard,

With the dewy spring and the mountain rain,

You shall welcome me home to the hills again !

(October 9, 1853.)

MARCH 16, 1857

WATCH with me here to-night !

Ghosts of the past come stealing on my sight,
All dark and veiled. They range them in their
place—

Say—shall we dare to meet them face to face !

A mournful train and long !

Wailing of grief and sin and death and wrong,
Of time misspent, of talents misapplied,
Of duties spurned, of blessings thrown aside.

What bring they but despair !—

Pass on, dark phantoms. More we cannot bear !

Is there indeed no gleam of hope to cast
One bright ray onwards from the stormy past?

In their sad chant I hear
One tone of ringing music, low but clear,
Like morning winds, like waters in a glen,
Like wild-birds, far above the haunts of men.

O phantoms of the past !

Hope springeth ev'n from you ! From first to last
That calm pure note o'er grief, remorse and tears,
Hath borne us conquerors thro' the storms of
years !

THE FOUL FORDS

THE muirs and the waters remain !

The road ower the brae

We sae aft used to gae,

But Jamie is gane !

And noo I gang wanderin' my lane !

I keep frae them a',

I've nae spirit ava

Sin' Jamie is gane !

He'll ne'er come to Rathock again !

He's seen others ower fair,

And he minds me nae mair,

And Jamie is gane !

Parting was never sic pain !

For hope it was strang

That it wasna for lang !

But Jamie is gane !

I ken that my grief is in vain,

Yet my heart's like to break,

I wad die for his sake—

And Jamie is gane !

KATH'RINE LOGIE

WHEN the sun sets o'er the lily lea,
And the night is gath'ring silently ;
Oh, then my lane I mourn for thee,
My dearest Kath'rine Logie !

I wander awa' by the Heuchwood Scaur,
And silently gaze on the ev'ning star ;
And I mind thy face that was bonnier far,
My loveliest Kath'rine Logie !

The bird upon the forest tree,
Singing his wildest melody,
Had na a voice as sweet as thee,
My darling Kath'rine Logie !

The bright munebeam is no' sae fair

As the light that play'd on thy gowden hair ;

Wae's me ! I shall never see thee mair,

My sweetest Kath'rine Logie !

Thou art far abune this warld o' pain,

Where I maun wander dark and lane,

For the light o' my life wi' thee is gane,

My dearest Kath'rine Logie.

THINK ON ME.

When I no more behold thee,

Think on me !

By all thine eyes have told me,

Think on me !

When hearts are lightest,

When eyes are brightest,

When griefs are slightest,

Think on me !

In all thine hours of gladness,

Think on me !

If e'er I soothed thy sadness,

Think on me !

When foes are by thee,
When woes are nigh thee,
When friends all fly thee,
Think on me !

When thou hast none to cheer thee,
Think on me !

When no fond heart is near thee,
Think on me !

When lonely sighing,
O'er pleasures flying,
When hope is dying,
Think on me !

“Æ SMILE BEFORE WE PART.”

“Æ smile before we part, lassie,
To cheer me on my way,
Æ word to calm the struggling heart
That wad, but daurna stay !

“This sorrow winna last, lassie,
The year is on the wane,
But e’er the Spring be past, lassie,
I will be back again.”

“Farewell, sin we maun part, laddie,
My blessing gang wi’ thee ;
But seek nae cheer frae a cheerless heart,
For I hae nane to gie.

“Your path lies far awa, laddie,

An’ this hour o’ bitter pain,

Ye’ll sune forget it a’, laddie,

An’ ye will not come again.”

~

“The sun nae mair may rise, lassie,

The stars from Heaven may flee,

The mune may leave the skies, lassie,

But I’ll come back to thee !”

He’s mounted and ta’en his way,

Thro’ the wintry wind an’ rain,

An’ she’s watched for him mony a weary day

But he never cam again.

SONG

SPEAK—for thy words are honey-dew to me ;
Look—for thine eyes are all I care to see ;
Smile—for thy smile belongs to me alone,
And keep thy tears and sighs till I am gone !

Oh ! when I wander far away from thee,
Wilt thou then weep, as now thou weep'st for me ?
Or are thy tears soon shed and quickly dried,
And hast thou smiles for all the world beside ?

Alas ! I feel I wrong thy gentle heart !
Yet, bear with me—so hard it is to part,
That ev'n my faith seems changed to cold distrust,
And where I love most, I am most unjust !

SONG

MUST we two part?

We that have lov'd so well,

Better than words can tell ;

Then—break my heart.

When first we met,

The very earth grew bright,

My life seem'd turned to light ;

Canst thou forget?

Oh ! in those hours

The air was balm to me,

Each path I trod with thee

All strewn with flowers.

I had no care,
The stormy past was gone,
The future all our own,
Cloudless and fair.

Hope comes no more,
I see thee changed and cold,
Thy smiles not those of old ;
My dream is o'er.

Yes ! We must part,
Thou seest my bitter woe,
Yet thou art glad to go ;
Break ! break ! my heart !

SONG

I WOULD that I had never met thee !

I would I could, ev'n now, forget thee.

Heav'n knows I love thee—and that love how vain
Cherish'd so long, to end in hopeless pain.

What will life be to me without thee ?

I had so twined my thoughts about thee,
So looked to thee in sorrow and in mirth,
In good and ill, as all my hope on earth.

Even in my grief I do not blame thee,

Thou hast far dearer ties to claim thee—

But wide the gulf between my thoughts and thine—
Gladness is in thy heart—despair in mine !

SONG

Lonely my life will be,

Yet shall I know

It's gloom will cast no shade o'er thee,

Therefore I go.

Our paths must distant be.

By land or sea,

I have no place with thee !

Turn those sweet eyes on me

Yet once again,

That I may bear their memory

Through years of pain.

Our paths must distant be.

By land or sea,

I have no place with thee !

Speak to me e'er we part.

Thy voice's tone

Will be the music of my heart

When I am gone.

Our paths must distant be.

By land or sea,

I have no place with thee !

Shed not one tear for me.

I ask it not.

My only wish is now to be

By thee forgot !

Our paths must distant be.

By land or sea,

I have no place with thee !

A FRAGMENT

. Do I forget thee?
Ask the hills where we have wandered !
They echo but thy name.
The flowers thou lovedst !
No others bloom for me.
The stars we used to gaze on !
No night do they shine forth,
But I thro' tears do fix my eyes on them,
And think that other eyes are gazing.
. Yet ask it not of these.
Deep voices have they, but
To the doubting heart
They are all silent !

Look at me ! Thou wilt see
The waste thy memory hath made.
My eyes are dim with weeping for thee !
My cheek is pale with watching for thee !
My voice is faint with praying for thee !
My heart is worn with pining for thee !
These all will witness—to my misery
Thou never art forgotten !

(*Ravenstar*, Act III. Scene 4.)

A FRAGMENT

I

WHEN the young buds are waking in the woods,
When flowers are springing on the dewy plain,
When the wild bird leads out his glossy brood,
I—shall not wander forth again.
On hill and rock the laughing Spring
Her fairest wreaths may reckless fling,
For me, 'twill be in vain.

2

When dreamingly the purple hills repose
Beneath the brightness of a summer sky ;
When the shrunk stream with broken murmuring
flows

I—shall not hear it as it wanders by.
When breezes cool the evening hours,
Rich with the scent of heather flowers,
I shall not feel their sigh.

3

When thro' the yellow woods at eventide
The homeward hunter's bugle note is borne ;
When the dark muir-cock from the mountain-side
Revels at sunset in the waving corn ;
When harvest songs ring wild and clear,
No sounds of earth will reach my ear,
Either at eve or morn !

4

.

A FRAGMENT

I

WHAT is the world to me? Can it give back those
years

Too dearly prized—too quickly fled—
Their memory chokes my voice and blinds my eyes
with tears,

Can it give back the Dead?

2

What is the world to me? . . .

.

“O MOTHER! LET ME WEEP”

O MOTHER! Let me weep. Thou knowest not
How I have longed to rest
This weary head and aching heart
Upon thy quiet breast.
And thus, when I have reached this home at last,
The pent-up grief of years,
The anguish of my soul breaks forth,
In this wild burst of tears!

O Mother! Let me weep. Dreams of my home
Rush thro' my giddy brain,—

And memories of old happy times

That will not come again,

Take me where I may see my own blue hills,

And hear the wild wind blow ;

Lead me to those still waters where

I wandered long ago !

O Mother ! Let me weep. Full well I know

There is no rest for me,

But in the damp and lonely grave

Where my soul faints to be !

Yet I have one last hope (which makes

My tears fall down like rain)

That I may lay my dying head

In my childhood's home again.

Oh Mother ! Let me weep. I do not mourn

That life and I must part.

I would not even on our own hills

Dwell with a broken heart.

.

CHRISTABELLE

THY lute, Christabelle ! Where is thy lute ?

Its strings are broken, its chords are mute.

To be ruler of Scotland's wide domain

I would not waken its sounds again.

Thy wreath, Christabelle ! Where is thy wreath ?

Its flow'rs are trodden my feet beneath ;

And not for all that this earth could give

Would I bid those wither'd roses live.

Thy ring, Christabelle ! Where is thy ring ?

The deep sea holds the worthless thing.

Could the waves reject it, the winds restore,

It should never fetter my finger more.

Thy heart, Christabelle ! Where is thy heart ?

Shiver'd and broken in every part.

I may live thro' years of sorrow and pain,

I shall never wish it whole again.

Thy hope, Christabelle ! Where is thy hope ?

Not upon earth, it has higher scope.

Where nothing is false, and all is fair,

In the Kingdom of Heav'n, my hope is
there !

FAREWEEL

Fareweel !

My heart beats low and fast,
Its griefs will sune be past,
Cauld death is come at last.

Fareweel !

Fareweel !

Tho' I ken my mortal e'e
Your lov'd face nae mair will see
It will haunt me till I dee.

Fareweel !

Fareweel !

I needna tell ye noo,
For alas ! ower weel ye knew
That my love was deep and true.

Fareweel !

Fareweel !

I kenned to my despair
'Twas a weary love and sair,
But 'twill burden ye nae mair.

Fareweel !

Fareweel !

My step will ne'er again,
Over hill and over plain,
Follow on through wind and rain.

Fareweel !

Fareweel !

Ye will wander lane and chill,

An' whiles upon the hill

Will ye think ye see me still ?

Fareweel !

Fareweel !

Will ye sometimes miss the strain

Ye will never hear again ?

It was breathed for you alane.

Fareweel !

Fareweel !

Will ye gently think o' me ?

Will ye pity an' forgie

Anè wha dee'd for love o' thee ?

Fareweel !

REMORSE

FOR the anguish I have wrought thee,
For the ties that I have riven,
For the sorrow I have brought thee,
Shall I never be forgiven?

For the harsh words I have spoken,
For my bitter thoughts of thee,
For thy joyous spirit broken,
Is there pardon yet for me?

For the hopes that I have blighted,
Leaving ashes in their place,
For the warm heart chilled and slighted,
Can I dare to ask for grace?

No ! My grief is unavailing,
Words can never be unsaid,
Nor remorse nor bitter wailing,
Wring forgiveness from the dead !

(1874.)

NEW YEAR'S EVE. SPOTTISWOOD

(1872)

SILENT and dark ! Yet full of light to me.

The dead are near, all I most long to see.

Sweet eyes are shining on me,

Softest voices sigh,

“ Keep faith with us ! Keep faith with us ! ” they
cry.

Lonely and sad ! Yet full of life and sound,

Footsteps well-known, long-lost, are gathering
round ;

Bright looks are bending o'er me,

Smiles about them play,

“ Be true to us ! Be true to us ! ” they say !

Faithful and true, to your dead love am I !

Why say I "Dead?" *Our* love can never die.

Bright dreams may vanish from me,

Shadowy forms depart;

Ye live for ever—deep within my heart !

WRITTEN AT THURSO

WILD rave the winds of winter o'er thy head,
Dark fall the shadows round thy narrow bed,
Lonely I keep my mournful watch by thee,
Here, where thou liest by the stormy sea.
Oh ! canst thou hear my bitter cry,
Where thy sweet spirit dwells above the sky?
Oh ! dost thou see my wild despair,
Can my soul's anguish reach thee even there?

No tear may dim the glory of the blest,
No stormy passions break thy peaceful rest.
No cry of human grief, no throb of pain,
Can reach thy heart, my only love, again.

Oh ! could I hear one answering tone,
Where now I mourn in darkness and alone.
Mute ! Mute ! No voice or sign from thee,
Only the howling wind and murmuring sea.

(1875.)

“LONELY AND STILL”

LONELY and still, I think with sad amaze
On my free, fearless life of other days ;
And mournfully recall the vanish'd time,
I found no craig or hill too steep to climb,
No burn to wade too wide, or deep, or strong,
No steed too fiery, and no way too long.
No blast too bitter from the hill could blow,
Whether of driving rain, or drifting snow.
All, all is changed ! Yet I should not despond,
In earthly sorrow—I should look beyond,
To that great day, when all whose faith is true
Shall mount on eagle's pinions, and renew,

With those they loved, from whom they had to part
In former years with tears and breaking heart,
Their happy youth—changeless and strong and
pure,

No fear, or sin, or grief ; it shall endure
Eternal in the Heavens ; we have His word
That they shall be for ever with the Lord.¹

¹ Written not long before her death.

“I SEE THEM NOT”

I SEE them not ; I hear them not ;

 Their life on earth is o'er.

But every day that passes

 I miss them more and more.

Surely if we had parted

 Never to meet again,

Time would have soothed, and absence dulled,

 This ceaseless bitter pain.

And yet this earth is small,

 Age after age has passed ;

Where could they dwell who hope to rest
In happiness at last !

O slow of heart, were there not thousands fed
On five small loaves of bread ?

(SPOTTISWOOD, *November 1899.*¹)

¹ The last lines she wrote.

THE END



University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

DL OCT 05 1992

AUG 19 1992

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 687 987 8

U